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THE LAST FORTY YEARS.

*CANADA SINCE THE UNION OF 1841.**

II.

WE have stated that one of the most conspicuous features of Mr. Dent's admirable history is the careful study and delineation of the characters of public men. He has shown himself here, as well as in his "Canadian Portrait Gallery,"† to be quite a modern Plutarch. As an example of this mode of treatment we give his sketch of Sir Charles Metcalfe, Governor-General of Canada, 1843–45:—

"Sir Charles Theophilus Metcalfe, the statesman who had been appointed to succeed Sir Charles Bagot as Governor-General of Canada, had passed many years of an industrious life in the civil service of India, and had more recently administered the government of Jamaica. In both hemispheres he had won a high and honourable reputation, not only in various official capacities, but also as a man. The testimonials to his efficiency as a public servant, as well as to his intellectual and moral worth, were strongest and loudest where he was best known. 'The ablest civil servant I ever knew in India,' said Macaulay, 'was Sir Charles Metcalfe.' 'In his public career,' said Lord William Bentinck, 'I think no man has shown

* *The Last Forty Years—Canada since the Union of 1841.* By JOHN CHARLES DENT. 2 vols. Pages 392, 649: 76 full page engravings. Toronto: George Virtue. Twenty parts. Price fifty cents per part. Bound in two volumes. Cloth, gilt, $12.

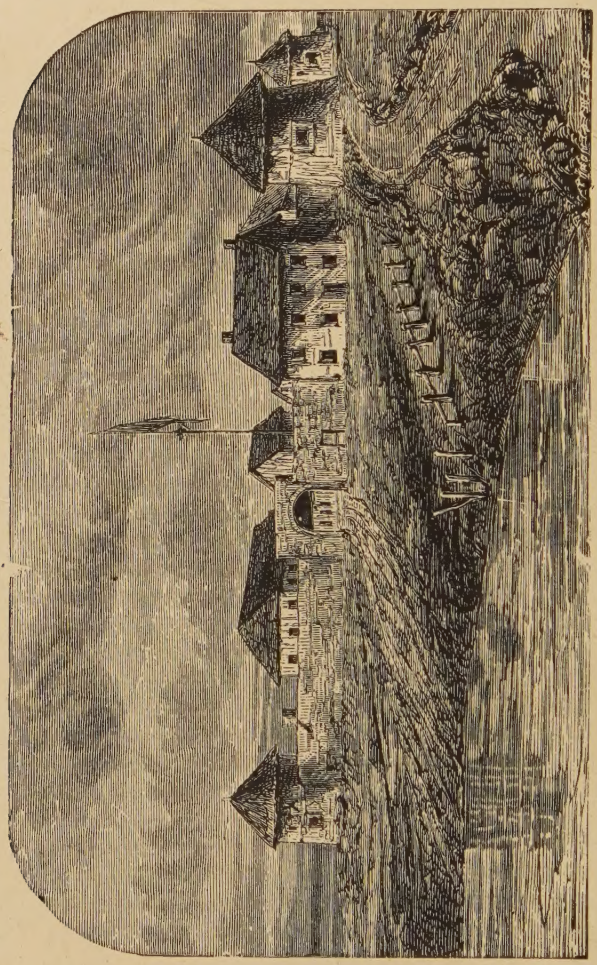
† Four vols. 4to. J. B. Magurn, Toronto.

greater rectitude of conduct, or more independence of mind. . . We served together for nearly seven years; his behaviour to me was of the noblest kind. He never cavilled upon a trifle, and never yielded to me upon a point of importance.' In Jamaica the enconiums lavished upon him were all pitched in the same key. When he embarked for England, after resigning the governorship of that island, crowds of people of all classes attended him to the place of embarkation to bid him 'God-speed.' The old island militiamen volunteered to form his escort. The coloured population knelt to bless him. 'All classes of society and all sects of Christians sorrowed for his departure; and the Jews set the example of Christian love by praying for him in their synagogues.' 'The universal voice of the colony seemed to be lifted up in a chorus of benediction.' After his departure the people erected a statue to his memory in the public square of Spanish Town. Upon his return to England the Colonial Society presented him with an address, in which it was declared that colonial governments could never thereafter be conducted on any other principles than those of his administration. His kindly nature, his open-handed benevolence, and his noble generosity of heart, left their impress behind them whithersoever he went, and love for the man was as profound as was respect for the just and right-minded administrator. His reputation had steadily grown with his increasing years, and his praise was in the mouths of all men. His name was well and favourably known in every land where the supremacy of Great Britain was acknowledged, and when it was announced in this country that he was to be Sir Charles Bagot's successor in the governor-generalship, the intelligence was received with a feeling akin to pride. England, it was said, had at last given us of her best.

"Sir Charles's thirty and odd years of public service had nearly all been passed in India, and in connection with a government which was largely despotic in its character. In the constitution of that great empire the representative element was wholly wanting. The right of the people to have a voice in public affairs was not recognized. So far as they were concerned, an imperious governor could, if so disposed, lay claim to practical irresponsibility. Sir Charles's despotism had always been exercised in a beneficent manner, but his Indian experi-

DESTRUCTION OF THE "CAROLINE," NIAGARA FALLS.

ences had certainly not been of a nature to fit him for the direction of Canadian affairs. It may be he doubted whether they had not rather a tendency to disqualify him. In Jamaica he had, as already recorded, effected a pacification of hostile races, but he had previously obtained a complete ascendency



FORT GARRY, WINNIPEG, MAN.
(From a Sketch by His Excellency the Earl of Dufferin.)

over the so-called Representative Assembly, and had everything his own way. His will had been so manifestly good, and his measures had so manifestly conduced to the public welfare, that there had been no serious opposition to anything he had thought fit to propose; so that his administration there could not be

taken as a test of his ability to administer the affairs of a country provided with a constitution, and where both ministers and people were strenuous in asserting their constitutional rights. He had gone out to the West Indies armed with authority to virtually suspend the constitution. His chief task after his arrival had been to prove to the employer and the employed that their interests were identical. This he had effectually succeeded in doing, but he had not to deal, as in Canada, with the conflicting and more or less matured views of opposite schools of politicians."

It is not our purpose to follow at length the account of the constitutional struggle, under the administration of Sir Charles Metcalfe. For that account we must refer our readers to the graphic pages of Mr. Dent's history. The aggravation of a terrible malady, from which Sir Charles Metcalfe had previously suffered,—a cancer in the face,—caused him to request his recall. He returned to England in November, and shortly after his arrival died, greatly regretted. His munificient liberality, and many personal virtues, commanded the respect even of those who condemned his political acts.

The pathetic story of Lord Metcalfe's closing days is thus beautifully told by Mr. Dent:—"In April it was apparent that his strength was failing, and he quitted London to draw his last breath in the pure air of the country. Malshanger, a quiet country house in the neighbourhood of Basingstoke, Hampshire, was taken for him, and there, in the society of his sister, Mrs. Smythe, he lived out the five sad months of life that remained to him. Sad, but not altogether sad, for down to his last hour he remained perfect master of himself. As the summer drew to a close, and he felt his end to be rapidly approaching, he sent for little Mary Higginson—a child of seven years—the daughter of the secretary who has already been mentioned in these pages. 'I think,' he remarked to the child's father, 'the termination of my suffering must now be close at hand. I desire to see Mary before it comes. Hitherto, on her account, I have denied myself the gratification; but now—go and fetch her to me.' Two days later the child arrived. She remained with him a week. Every day during that interval, as she sat by his bedside, she read aloud to him from the volume which has brought comfort to so many sore-stricken hearts. 'He

PACIFIC SCHOOL OF RELIGION

received the glad tidings of salvation as a little child,' says his biographer. Feeling that he had not many more days to live, he sent the child away with her father, in order that she might not have the pain at being present at his death. Before Captain Higginson's return the end had come. His mind was unclouded to the last. The serene expression of his countenance indicated that he was in perfect peace. The last sounds which reached him were the sweet strains of his sister's harp, rising in a hymn of praise to the Great Father, into one of the many mansions of whose house he believed that he was about to enter. 'How sweet those sounds are,' he was heard to whisper almost with his dying breath. He sank very gently to rest. About eight o'clock on the evening of the 5th of September, 1846, with a calm, sweet smile on his long-tortured face, Charles Theophilus, first and last Lord Metcalfe, rendered up his soul to his Maker.

"In his private capacity it is impossible to do justice to Lord Metcalfe, without employing language of almost unstinted praise. No man ever went through life with better intentions, or had a more disinterested zeal for his country's welfare. No man was ever less of a self-seeker. Throughout his career he never hesitated to spend himself and his means for the good of his fellow-creatures. During the two years and eight months which elapsed between the time of his arrival in Canada and his departure, scarcely a week elapsed which was not signalized by some liberal benefaction on his part. Said Egerton Ryerson, in one of the famous letters already referred to, 'He is not a fortune-seeker, but a fortune-spender.' He contributed to the building of churches, to the erection of alms-houses, to innumerable public charities, and to every good enterprise which was submitted to him. Upon this principle he acted throughout the whole term of his Administration. In numberless instances he did not his alms before men, and scarcely permitted his left hand to know what his right hand did. Scores of his private charities have never come to light.

"The faults of his Canadian Administration, after all, were faults for which it is scarcely fair to hold him deeply responsible, for the dispensing of responsible government was a thing foreign to his nature and training, and his instructions from the Home Office were of a kind rather to confuse than assist

Falls on Rossean River, Muskoka.

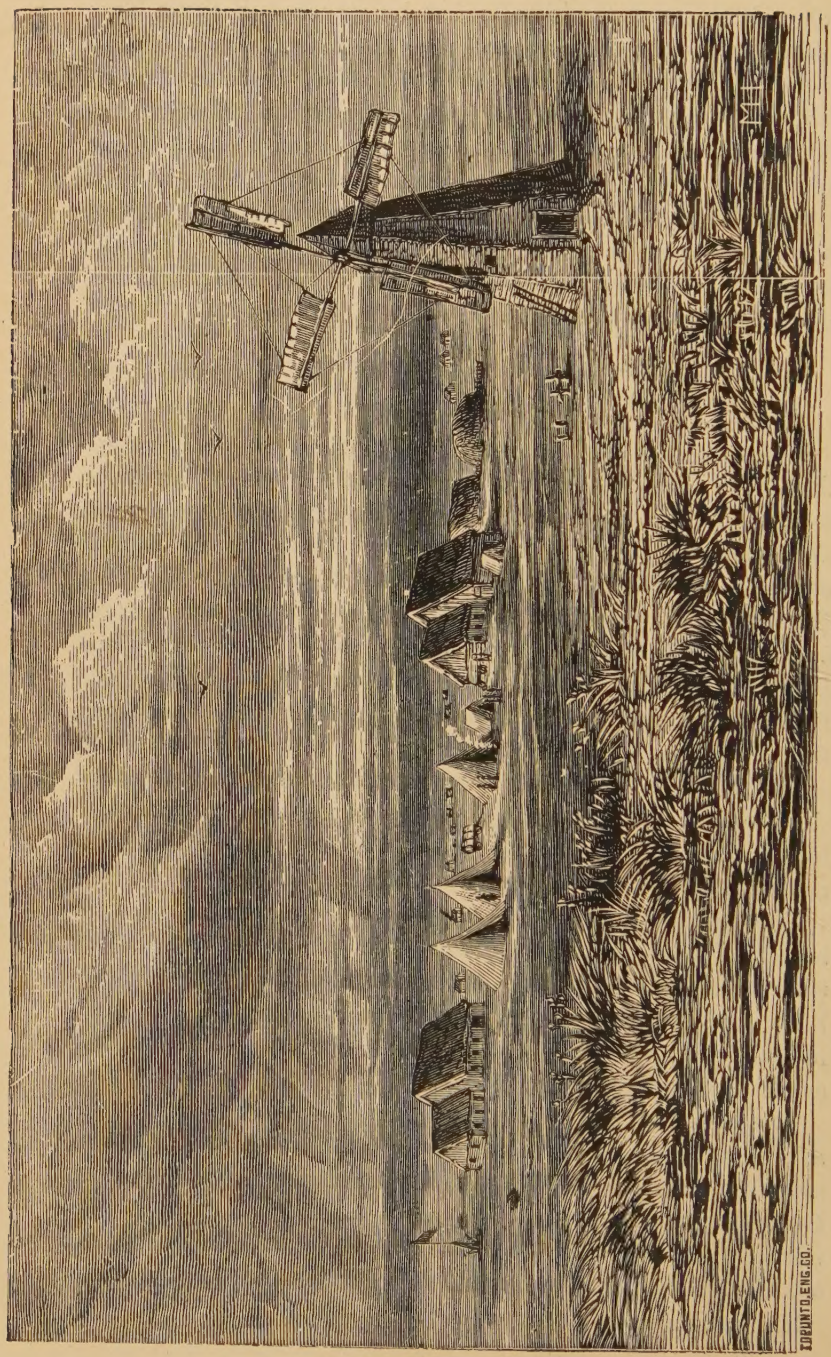
him. It was not consciously that he struck so heavy a blow against freedom, and in apportioning the blame which attaches to the transaction it is simple justice to bear in mind that he believed himself to be acting, not only within his strict constitutional rights, but for the lasting peace and welfare of the colony and the empire. Taking even the least charitable view of the conduct which marked his administration of our affairs, it stands out as a solitary blot upon an otherwise fair and blameless escutcheon, and we may well say of him, as Prince Henry said of the brave Percy :—

> ' Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
> But not remembered in thy epitaph.' "

Reserving the final character-study which we shall quote—that of Lord Elgin—for another paper, we again call attention to the illustrations of these volumes as excellent specimens of Canadian art. The full page frontispiece illustrates the difficult nature of the passes through the Rocky Mountains. The Tête Jaune, or Yellow Head Pass, offers one of the most important and practicable trails between the North-West Territory and British Columbia. It leads to the head waters of the Thompson River, which stream it follows to its junction with the Frazer, through some of the most magnificent scenery on the continent, or in the world. Vast snow-crowned mountains rise on every side, their mighty shoulders shaggy with immemorial pine forests, their feet laved in the ice-cold waters of the tumultuous rivers which tear their passage to the sea.

The cut facing page 102 represents a gentler scene, near home. Few of us are aware what beautiful woodland scenery there is within a day's ride of Toronto, amid the wilds of Muskoka. Its sylvan solitudes, its lovely lakes, its pure and purling streams, are the perpetual delight, not only of the artist's eye, but of every lover of Nature.

The engraving on page 99 depicts an incident of much historic, as well as dramatic interest. During the winter of 1837–38, after the abortive Rebellion in Upper Canada, the American Government was guilty of grave dereliction of duty in permitting its frontier to be made a base of hostile operations against an unoffending neighbour. Secret societies, known as "Hunters' Lodges," were organized in many of the American



SCENE ON THE RAT RIVER, MENNONITE RESERVATION, MANITOBA.
(From a Sketch by His Excellency the Earl of Dufferin.)

border towns for the purpose of aiding the Canadian rebellion. Among their members were a number of Canadian refugees, but the greater part were American citizens. An "Executive Committee" was organized at Buffalo, for the purpose of directing the invasion of Upper Canada. The large floating population of sailors, canal boatmen, and dock labourers, who thronged this important port, rendered it easy to procure recruits for the rash enterprise. On the 13th of December, a mob, described by a Buffalo paper as a "wretched rabble, ready to cut any man's throat for a dollar," under the command of an adventurer named Rensselaer, took possession of Navy Island, about two miles above the Falls of Niagara. Here Mackenzie proclaimed the "Republic of Upper Canada," invited recruits, and issued a paper currency, redeemable on the establishment of the new republic. Few Canadians joined his standard, but about a thousand border ruffians, intent on plunder, collected together. They were supplied with artillery and stores taken from the United States arsenal, or contributed by American citizens. They threw up entrenchments of logs, mounted thirteen guns, and opened fire on the Canadian shore.

Colonel McNab, appointed to the military command of the frontier, soon found himself at the head of twenty-five hundred men—militia, Grand River Indians, and a company of coloured volunteers. An American steamer, the "Caroline," was engaged in transporting men and stores to Navy Island. Colonel McNab, after remonstrance with the American authorities, resolved on her capture. On the night of December the 28th, Lieut. Drew, of the Royal Navy, with a boat-party, gallantly cut her out from under the guns of Fort Schlosser. Unable, from the strength of the current, to tow her across the river, he ordered her to be fired and abandoned in the rapids. She glided swiftly down the stream, and swept grandly over the cataract. In this affair, five of the "patriots" were killed and several wounded. The capture of the "Caroline" was strongly denounced by the United States authorities, and it seemed for a time as if it would embroil the two nations in war. It was certainly extenuated, by the strong provocation received, and was subsequently apologized for by the British Government. The winter proved exceedingly mild. Navigation continued open till the middle of January. Sir John Colborne re-enforced

the Upper Canadian frontier, and the heavy artillery fire from Chippewa compelled the evacuation of Navy Island, January 14, 1838.

The sketches from the facile pencil of Lord Dufferin are of special interest. Fort Garry was an exceptionally good example of the great trading posts by means of which the Hudson Bay Company exercised an almost feudal sway over half a continent. Its strong bastions and walls gave it quite a formidable appearance, although modern artillery would make very short work of it. It was a very trustworthy protection of the immense stocks of goods and peltries, which it often contained, against any force that the Indians could bring to bear against it, had they been so disposed. During the Riel rebellion, however, it was seized by the insurgents, and held by them for some months. Here some sixty loyal Canadians were, at one time, imprisoned; among them the unfortunate Thomas Scott, who was cruelly put to death by the reckless usurper, Louis Riel. No sooner, however, did Colonel Garnet Wolseley, with his gallant Canadian brigade, make their way through lake and river, and over many a portage, to the scene of the insurrection, than Riel and his fellow-conspirators fled from Fort Garry, and most of them took refuge beyond the American line.

The cut on page 104 gives a view of part of the Mennonite Settlement. There are two of these settlements in Manitoba, the combined population at the time of Lord Dufferin's visit being about 6,500. The more important one is that on Rat River. The sect grew out of the fanaticism of the Anabaptists, in the 16th century, and takes its name from Simon Menno, its founder. The people are thrifty and industrous, and make excellent settlers. To assist them at the outset the Government set apart large tracts of land for their use, and lent them $100,000 at six per cent. for eight years to enable them to build houses and bring their land under cultivation. A similar settlement of 1,200 Icelanders was visited by Lord Dufferin, who manifested his profound and practical sympathy with those hardy pioneers. In every house he found, he said, from twenty to thirty volumes of books, and almost every child could read —a good index of their intellectual activity and of the general diffusion of education: two of the most potent elements of national greatness and prosperity.

THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

VIII.

UGUHA HEAD-DRESS.

HAVING reached the magnificent Livingstone river we resumed our journey to the sea. The men, women, and children joined in a grand chorus, when a native orator attempted, in a loud and graphic strain, a description of the joy he felt. How quickly we marched! What a stride and what *verve* there was in our movements! Faster, my friends, faster! Soon we reached the Arab town of Nyangwé. Tippo-Tib, the Arab chief, welcomed me. After regarding him for a few minutes, I came to the conclusion that this Arab was one of the most remarkable men I had met. He was neat in his person, his clothes were of a spotless white, his fez-cap brand-new, his waist was encircled by a rich dowlé, his dagger was splendid with silver filigree, and his *tout ensemble* was that of an Arab gentleman in very comfortable circumstances. He was the Arab who escorted Cameron across the Lualaba. Naturally, therefore, there was no person whose evidence was more valuable than Tippu-Tib's. The information he gave me was sufficiently clear that the greatest problem of African geography was left untouched at the exact spot where Dr. Livingstone had felt himself unable to prosecute his travels, and whence he had retraced his steps to Ujiji, never to return. This was momentous and all important news to the Expedition. We had arrived at the critical point in our travels: our destinies now awaited my final decision.

But first I was anxious to know why Cameron had declined the journey. Sayid Mezrui said it was because he could not obtain canoes, and because the natives in the Mitamba or forest were exceedingly averse to strangers. Tippu-Tib averred also

that Cameron's men decidedly opposed following the river, as no one knew whether it went.

"In the same way, I am told, the old man Daoud Liviston"—

In Counsel at Ujiji.

David Livingstone—"was prevented from going. The old man tried hard to persuade the Arabs to lend him canoes, but they refused, upon the ground that they would be rushing to death.

Next day Tippu-Tib informed me that he had been consulting with his friends and relatives, and that they were opposed to his adventuring upon such a terrible journey; but that as he did not wish to see me disappointed in my prospects, he had resolved to accompany me a distance of sixty camps, each camp to be four hours' march from the other, for the sum of five thousand dollars.

"There is no hurry about it," said I. "You may change your mind, and I may change mine. We will both take twenty-four hours to consider it. To-morrow night the agreement shall be drawn up ready for our seals, or else you will be told that I am unable to agree to your conditions."

The truth was that I had opened negotiations without having consulted my people; and as our conversation had been private, it remained for me to ascertain the opinion of Frank before my next encounter with Tippu-Tib.

"Now Frank, my son," I said, "sit down. I am about to have a long and serious chat with you. Life and death—yours as well as mine, and those of all the Expedition—hang on the decision I make to-night.

"There is no doubt some truth in what the Arabs say about the ferocity of these natives before us. Livingstone, after fifteen thousand miles of travel, and a lifetime of experience among Africans, would not have yielded the brave struggle without strong reasons; Cameron, with his forty-five Snider rifles, would never have turned away from such a brilliant field if he had not sincerely thought that they were insufficient to resist the persistent attacks of countless thousands of wild men. But while we grant that there may be a modicum of truth in what the Arabs say, it is their ignorant superstitious nature to exaggerate what they have seen. A score of times have we proved them wrong. Yet their reports have already made a strong impression on the minds of our blacks. They are already trembling with fear. On the day that we propose to begin our journey, we shall have no Expedition.

"On the other hand, I am confident that, if I am able to leave Nyangwé with the Expedition intact, and to place a breadth of wild country between our party and the Arab depot, I shall be

able to make men of them. There is good stuff, heroic qualities, in them; but we must get free from the Arabs, or they will be very soon demoralized. It is for this purpose I am negotiating with Tippu-Tib. If I can arrange with him and leave Nyangwé without the dreadful loss we experienced at Ujiji, I feel sure that I can inspire my men to dare anything with me.

"The difficulty of transport, again, is enormous. We may not obtain canoes. Livingstone could not. Cameron failed. But we might come across a tribe which would sell their canoes. We have sufficient stores to last a long time, and I shall purchase more at Nyangwé. If the natives will not sell, we can make our own canoes, if we possess a sufficient number of axes to set all hands at work.

"Now, what I wish you to tell me, Frank, is your opinion as to what we ought to do."

Frank's answer was ready.

"I say, 'Go on, sir.'"

"Think well, my dear fellow; don't be hasty, life and death hang on our decision. Don't you think we could explore to the east of Cameron's road?"

"But there is nothing like this great river, sir."

"Yet, my friend, think yet again. Look at all these faithful fellows whose lives depend on our word; think of our own, for we are yet young, and strong, and active. Why should we throw them away for a barren honour, or if we succeed have every word we said doubted, and carped at, and our motives misconstrued by malicious minds, who distort everything to our injury? Yet, if you think of it, Frank, this great river, which Livingstone first saw, and which broke his heart almost to turn away from and leave a mystery, is a noble field too. Fancy, by-and-by, after buying or building canoes, our floating down the river day by day, either to the Nile, or to some vast lake in the far north, or to the Congo and the Atlantic Ocean! Think what a benefit our journey will be to Africa. Steamers from the mouth of the Congo to Lake Bemba, and to all the great rivers which run into it!"

"I say, sir, let us toss up; best two out of three to decide it."

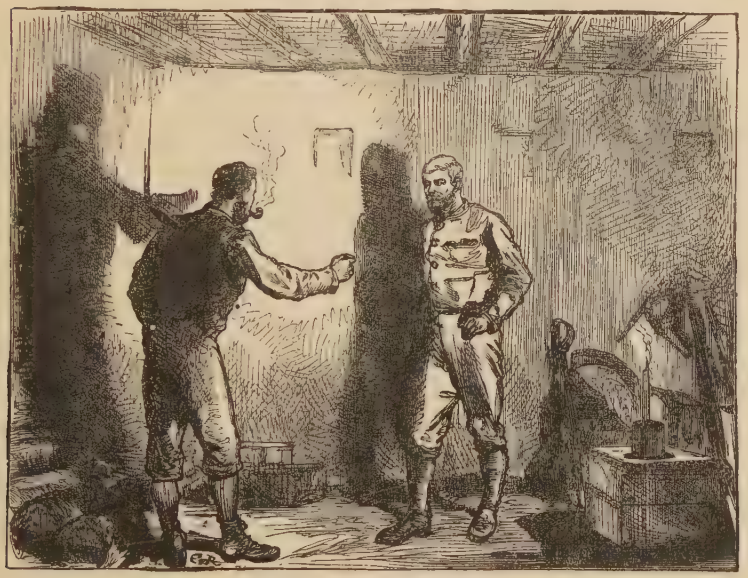
"Toss away. Here is a rupee."

"Heads for the north and the Lualaba; tails for the south and Katanga;" and he tossed and heads won.

"We'll face our destiny," I said. "With your help, my dear fellow, I will follow the river."

"Mr. Stanley, have no fear of me. I shall stand by you. The last words of my dear old father were, 'Stick by your master.' And there is my hand, sir, you shall never have cause to doubt me."

"Good, I shall go on then. I will finish this contract with Tippu-Tib, for the Wangwana, on seeing him accompany us, will perhaps be willing to follow me. We may also recruit others at



"HEADS FOR THE NORTH AND THE LUALABA; TAILS FOR THE SOUTH AND KATANGA."

Nyangwé. And then, if the natives will allow peaceful passage through their countries, so much the better. If not, our duty says, 'Go on.'"

The next morning, being the 24th October, the Expedition left in high spirits. The good effect of the contract with Tippu-Tib had already brought us recruits, for on the road I observed several strange faces of men who, on our arrival at the first camp, Marimbu, eleven miles north-west from Mwana Mamba, appeared before my tent, and craved to be permitted to follow us. They received an advance in cloth, and their names were entered on the muster-list of the Expedition at the same rate of pay as the others.

Tippu-Tib arrived at Nyangwé on the 2nd November, with nearly 700 men. On the 4th November the Expedition were mustered, and we ascertained that they numbered 146, and that we possessed the following arms—Sniders, 29; percussion-lock muskets, 32; Winchesters, 2; double-barrelled guns, 2; revolvers, 10; axes, 68. The enormous force that Tippu-Tib brought quite encouraged them, and when I asked them if they were ready to make good their promise to me at Zanzibar, they replied unanimously in the affirmative.

"Then to-night, my friends," said I, "you will pack up your goods, and to-morrow morning at the first hour let me see you in line before my house ready to start."

What a forbidding aspect had the Dark Unknown which confronted us! I could not comprehend in the least what lay before us. The object of the desperate journey is to flash a torch of light across the western half of the Dark Continent. A thousand things may transpire to prevent the accomplishment of our purpose; hunger, disease, and savage hostility may crush us; perhaps, after all, the difficulties may daunt us, but our hopes run high, and our purpose is lofty; then in the name of God let us set on, and as He pleases, so let Him rule our destinies!

The nature of our experiences through the forest may be gathered by reading the following entries in my journal:—"Our Expedition is no longer the compact column which was my pride. It is utterly demoralized. Every man scrambles as he best may through the woods; the path, being over a clayey soil, is so slippery that every muscle is employed to assist our progress. The toes grasp the path, the heads bear the load, the hand clears the obstructing bush, the elbows put aside the sapling. My boat-bearers are utterly wearied out. The constant slush and reek which the heavy dews caused in the forest had worn my shoes out, and half of the march I travelled with naked feet. I had then to draw out of my store my last pair of shoes. Frank was already using his last pair. Yet we were still in the very centre of the continent. What should we do when all was gone? was a question which we asked of each other often."

At Wane-Kirumbu we found a large native forge and smithy, where there were about a dozen smiths busily at work. The iron ore is very pure. The bellows for the smelting furnace are four in number, doubled-handled, and manned by four men, who, by

a quick up and down motion, supply a powerful blast, the noise of which is heard nearly half a mile from the scene. The furnace consisted of tamped clay, raised into a mound about four feet high. The art of the blacksmith is of a high standard in these forests, considering the loneliness of the inhabitants.

On the 19th a march of five miles through the forest west

A FORGE AND SMITHY AT WÁNE-KIRUMBU, UREGGA.

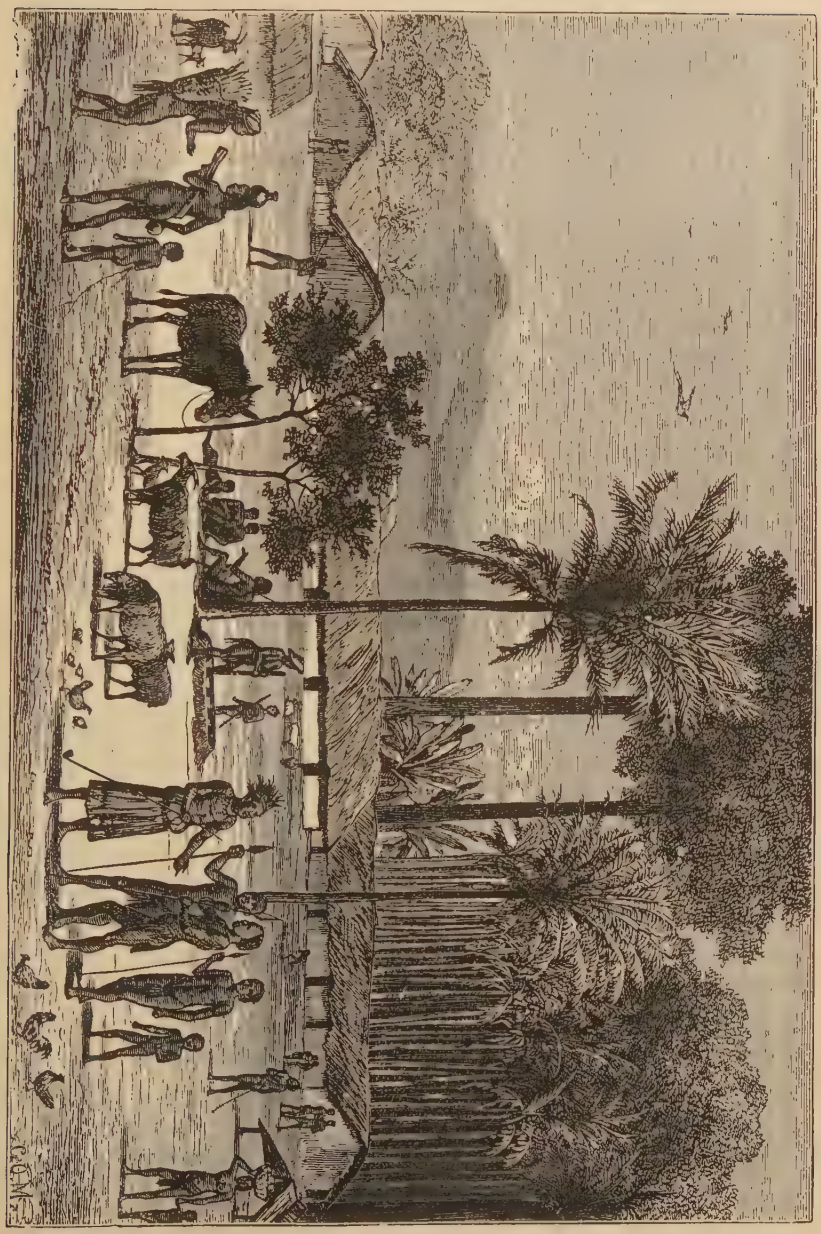
from Kampunzu brought us to the Lualaba. The name Lualaba terminates here. I mean to speak of it henceforth as the Livingstone.

The Livingstone was 1200 yards wide from bank to bank opposite the landing-place. As there were no people dwelling within a mile of the right bank, we prepared to encamp. Some sedgy reeds obstructed my view, and as I wished while resting to watch the river gliding by, I had them all chopped off short. Frank and the Wangwana chiefs were putting the boat sections together in the rear of the camp. Gentle as a summer's dream, the brown waves of the great Livingstone flowed by, broad and deep. On the opposing bank loomed darkly against the sky another forest, similar to the one which had harrowed our souls. I obtained from my seat a magnificent view of the river, flanked

by black forests, gliding along, with a serene grandeur and an unspeakable majesty of silence about it that caused my heart to yearn towards it. Downward it flows to the unknown! to night-black clouds of mystery and fable, mayhap past the lands of the anthropoids, and the pigmies, by leagues upon leagues of unexplored lands, populous with scores of tribes, of whom not a whisper has reached the people of other continents. We have laboured through the terrible forest, and manfully struggled through the gloom. My people's hearts have become faint. I seek a road. Why, here lies a broad watery avenue cleaving the Unknown to some sea, like a path of light! Here are woods all around, sufficient for a thousand fleets of canoes. Why not build them?

I sprang up; told the drummer to call the muster. The people responded wearily to the call. Frank and the chiefs appeared. The Arabs and their escort came also, until a dense mass of expectant faces surround me. I turned to them and said:—"Arabs, children of Zanzibar! listen to words. We seek a road. I seek a path that shall take me to the sea. I have found it. Regard this mighty river. From the beginning it has flowed on thus, as you see it flow to-day. It has flowed on in silence and darkness. Whither? To the Salt Sea, as all rivers go! By that Salt Sea, on which the great ships come and go, live my friends and your friends. Yet, my people, though this river is so great, so wide and deep, no man has ever penetrated the distance lying between this spot on which we stand and our white friends who live by the Salt Sea. Why? Because it was left for us to do. Yes," I continued, raising my voice; "I tell you, my friends, it has been left from the beginning of time until to-day for us to do. It is our work, and no other. It is the voice of Fate! The ONE GOD has written that this year the river shall be known throughout its length! We will take to the river. To-day I shall launch my boat on that stream, and it shall never leave it until I finish my work.

"Now, you Wangwana! You who have followed me like children following their father, as far as this wild, wild land, will you leave me here? Shall I and my white brother go alone? Will you go back and tell my friends that you left me in this wild spot, and cast me adrift to die? Speak, Arabs. Where are my young men, with hearts of lions? Speak, and show me those who dare follow me?"



A VILLAGE IN SOUTH-EAST MANYEMA.

Uledi, the coxswain, leaped upward, and then sprang towards me, and kneeling grasped my knees, and said, "Look on me, my master! I am one! I will follow you to death!" "And I," Kachéché cried; "and I, and I, and I," shouted the boat's crew.

"It is well. I knew I had friends. You then who have cast your lot with me stand on one side, and let me count you." There were thirty-eight! Ninety-five stood still and said nothing.

The assembly broke up, and each man proceeded about his special duties. Tippu-Tib tried to persuade me not to be so rash, and to abandon all idea of descending the river. They spoke of cataracts and cannibals, and warlike tribes.

"Speak no more, Tippu-Tib," I said. "You who have travelled all your life among slaves have not yet learned that there lies something good in the heart of every man that God made. Speak not a word of fear to my people, and when we part I shall be to you 'the white man with the open hand.'"

Day after day the Expedition floated down the river in such canoes as they could procure, accompanied by a land party which made its way through the jungle on the banks, often encountering hostile parties and passing unfriendly villages. The following extracts from the journal will indicate the nature of the adventure:—

On the 26th, the land division kept close to the river, and though it was buried frequently in profound depths of jungle, we were able to communicate with it occasionally by means of drum-taps. Not a soul had been seen in any of the villages passed. The march through the jungles and forests, the scant fare, fatigue, and subsequent sufferings, resulted in sickness. Small-pox and dysentery attacked the land division. Thorns had also penetrated the feet and wounded the legs of many of the people, until dreadful ulcers had been formed, disabling them from travel. In the course of two days' journey we found six abandoned canoes, which, though unsound, we appropriated and repaired, and lashing them together, formed a floating hospital. In a rapid two canoes were upset. In mid-stream we saw the five Wagwana riding on the keels of the upset canoes, attacked by half a dozen native canoes. We soon had the gratification of receiving them on shore, but four Snider rifles were lost.

Tippu-Tib and the Arabs wished to know whether I would not now abandon the project of continuing down the river—now that things appeared so gloomy, with rapids before us, natives

hostile, cannibalism rampant, small-pox raging, and people dispirited. "What prospects," they asked, "lie before us but terrors, and fatal collapse and ruin? Better turn back in time." But still the Expedition held on its way.

On December 6th we reached the valley of Ikondu, consisting of a broad uniform street, thirty feet wide and two miles in length! The huts were made very elegantly of the Panicum grass cane, 7 feet long by five feet wide and six feet high. They are as cosy, comfortable, and dry as ships' cabins, as we found in the tempests of rain that every alternate day now visited us.

The town of Ikondu was quite deserted. Whither had such a large population fled? For assuredly the population must have exceeded two thousand. The small-pox was raging, dysentery had many victims. Every day we tossed two or three bodies into the deep waters of the Livingstone. Frank and I endeavoured

NATIVE HOUSES AT MTUYU.

our utmost to alleviate the misery, but when the long caravan was entering camp I had many times to turn my face away lest the tears should rise at sight of the miserable victims of disease who reeled and staggered through the streets. Poor creatures, what a life! wandering, ever wandering, in search of graves.

At Ikondu, left high and dry by some mighty flood years ago, there was a large condemned canoe with great holes in its keel, and the traces of decay both at bow and stern, yet it was capacious enough to carry sixty sick people, and by fastening cables to it the boat might easily take it in tow. I, therefore, called my carpenters and offered 12 yards of cloth to each if they would repair it within two days. The success of the repairs which we had made in this ancient craft proved to me that we possessed the means to construct a flotilla of canoes of sufficient capacity to float the entire Expedition. I resolved, therefore, should

Tippu-Tib still persist in his refusal to proceed with us, to bribe him to stay with us until we should have constructed at least a means of escape.

Opposite Mutako the natives made a brilliant and well-planned attack on us, by suddenly dashing upon us from a creek; and had not the ferocious nature of the people whom we daily encountered taught us to be prepared at all times against assault, we might have suffered considerable injury. Fortunately, only one man was slightly punctured with a poisoned arrow, and an immediate and plentiful application of nitrate of silver nullified all evil effects.

Again and again the Expedition was attacked by large parties, sometimes hundreds of natives, and had to form stockades in the forest and fight against overwhelming odds. By a bold manœuvre we cut out at night 36 of the large native canoes and let them drift down the stream, to be intercepted by Pocock. Keeping 23 of these we had sufficient transport for the Expedition down the river.

At length Tippu-Tib and Sheikh Abdallah declared their intention of returning, and with such firmness of tone that I renounced the idea of attempting to persuade them to change their decision. Indeed, the awful condition of the sick, the high daily mortality, the constant attacks on us during each journey, and the last terrible struggle, had produced such dismal impressions on the minds of the escort that no amount of money would have bribed the undisciplined people of Tippu-Tib to have entertained for a moment the idea of continuing the journey. It was then announced to the members of the Expedition that we should embark, and begin our journey down the river to the ocean—or to death.

Said I, "All I ask of you is, perfect trust in whatever I say. On your lives depend my own; if I risk yours, I risk mine. As a father looks after his children, I will look after you. Many of our party have already died, but death is the end of all; and if they died earlier than we, it was the will of God, and who shall rebel against His will? It may be we shall meet a hundred wild tribes yet who, for the sake of eating us, will rush to meet and fight us. We have no wish to molest them. We have moneys with us, and are, therefore, not poor. If they fight us, we must accept it as an evil, like disease, which we cannot help.

We shall continue to do our utmost to make friends, and the river is wide and deep. If we fight, we fight for our lives. It may be that we shall be distressed by famine and want. It may be that we shall meet with many more cataracts, or find ourselves before a great lake, whose wild waves we cannot cross with these canoes; but we are not children, we have heads, and arms, and are we not always under the eye of God, who will do with us as He sees fit? Therefore, my children, make up your minds as I have made up mine, that we are now in the very middle of this continent, and it would be just as bad to return as to go on, that we shall continue our journey, that we shall toil on, and on, by this river and no other, to the salt sea."

There was ample work for us all before setting out on our adventurous journey. Food had to be procured and prepared for at least twenty days. Several of the canoes required to be repaired and all to be lashed in couples, to prevent them from capsizing; and special arrangements required to be made for the transport of three riding-asses, which we had resolved upon taking with us, as a precaution in the event of our being compelled to abandon the canoes and to journey along the banks.

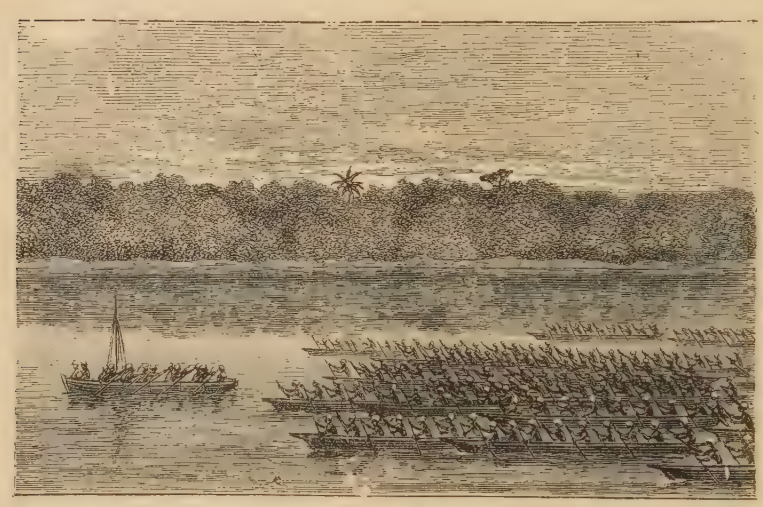
Christmas day we passed most pleasantly and happily, like men determined to enjoy life while it lasted. In the morning we mustered all the men, and appointed them to their respective canoes, twenty-two in number.

On the 27th, at dawn, we embarked all the men, women, and children, 149 souls in all. When I ascertained that every soul connected with the Expedition was present, my heart was filled with a sense of confidence and trust such as I had not enjoyed since leaving Zanzibar. In the evening, while sleep had fallen upon all, save the watchful sentries in charge of the boat and canoes, Frank and I spent a serious time. Frank was at heart as sanguine as I that we should finally emerge somewhere, but on account of the persistent course of the great river towards the north, a little uneasiness was evident in his remarks. "Before we finally depart, sir," said he, "do you really believe in your inmost soul, that we shall succeed? I ask this because there are such odds against us—not that I for a moment think it would be best to return, having proceeded so far."

"Believe? Yes, I do believe that we shall all emerge into light again some time. It is true that our prospects are as dark

as this night. Even the Mississippi presented no such obstacles to De Soto as this river will necessarily present to us. I believe it will prove to be the Congo; if the Congo then, there must be many cataracts. Let us hope that the cataracts are all in a lump, close together.

"Any way, whether the Congo, the Niger, or the Nile, I am prepared, otherwise I should not be so confident. Though I love life as much as you do, or any other man does, yet on the success of this effort I am about to stake my life, my all. To prevent its sacrifice foolishly I have devised numerous expedients with



"TOWARDS THE UNKNOWN."

which to defy wild men, wild nature, and unknown terrors. There is an enormous risk, but you know the adage, 'Nothing risked, nothing won.'"

The crisis drew nigh when the 28th December dawned. A grey mist hung over the river. Slowly the breeze wafted the dull and heavy mists away until the sun appeared, and bit by bit the luxuriantly wooded banks rose up solemn and sad. Finally the grey river was seen, and at 9 a.m. its face gleamed with the brightness of a mirror.

"Embark, my friends! Let us at once away! and a happy voyage to us." The drum and trumpet proclaimed to Tippu-Tib's expectant ear that we were embarking. The brown current soon

bore us down within hearing of a deep and melodious diapason of musical voices chanting the farewell song. How beautiful it sounded as we approached them! Louder the sad notes swelled on our ears, full of a pathetic and mournful meaning. With bated breath we listened to the rich music which spoke to us unmistakably of parting, of sundered friendship, a long, perhaps an eternal farewell. We came in view of them, as ranged along the bank in picturesque costume, the sons of Unyamwezi sang their last song. We waved our hands to them. Our hearts were so full of grief that we could not speak. Steadily the brown flood bore us by, and fainter and fainter came the notes down the water, till finally they died away, leaving us all alone in our loneliness.

But, looking up, I saw the gleaming portal to the Unknown: wide open to us and away down, for miles and miles, the river lay stretched with all the fascination of its mystery. I stood up and looked at the people. How few they appeared to dare the region of fable and darkness! They were nearly all sobbing. They were leaning forward, bowed, as it seemed, with grief and heavy hearts.

"Sons of Zanzibar," I shouted, "the Arabs are looking at you. They are now telling one another what brave fellows you are. Lift up your heads and be men. What is there to fear? All the world is smiling with joy. Here we are all together like one family, with hearts united, all strong with the purpose to reach our homes. See this river; it is the road to Zanzibar. When saw you a road so wide? When did you journey along a path like this? Strike your paddles deep, cry out Bismillah! and let us forward."

Poor fellows! With what wan smiles they responded to my words! How feebly they paddled! But the strong flood was itself bearing us along. Then I urged my boat's crew, knowing that thus we should tempt the canoes to quicker pace. Three or four times Uledi, the coxswain, gallantly attempted to sing, in order to invite a cheery chorus, but his voice soon died into such piteous hoarseness that the very ludicrousness of the tones caused his young friends to smile even in the midst of their grief.

Below Kaimba Island and its neighbour, the Livingstone assumes a breadth of 1800 yards. The banks are very populous. The villages maintained a tremendous drumming and blowing of

war-horns, and their wild men hurried up with menace towards us, urging their sharp-prowed canoes so swiftly that they seemed to skim over the water like flying fish. As soon as they came within 50 or 60 yards, they shot out their spears, crying out, "Meat! meat! Ah! ah! We shall have plenty of meat!" It seemed to me so absurd to be angry with people who looked upon one only as an epicure would regard a fat capon. Why was it that human beings should regard me and my friends only in the light of meat? Meat! *We?* What an atrocious idea!

A HOUSE IN IKONDU.

The Expedition, however, forced its way through without loss. A storm, however, arose which increased to a tempest from the north, and created great heavy waves, which caused the foundering of two of our canoes, the drowning of two of our men, and the loss of four muskets and one sack of beads. On the 31st, the last day of the year 1876, we resumed our voyage. Everything promised fair. But from the island below, the confluence of the Lowwa and the Livingstone, the warning drum sounded loudly over the river, and other drums soon echoed the dull boom, but we passed without interruption.

The beginning of the new year, 1877, commenced with a delicious journey, passed an uninhabited tract, when my mind,

wearied with daily solicitude, found repose in dwelling musingly upon the deep slumber of Nature. But soon we discovered we were approaching settlements, and again the hoarse war-drums awaked the echoes of the forest, boomed along the river, and quickened our pulses. We decended in close order as before, and steadily pursued our way.

Up to this time we had met with no canoes over 50 feet long, except that we had repaired as a hospital for our small-pox patients; but those which now issued from the banks and the shelter of bends in the banks were monstrous. The natives were in full war-paint, one half of their bodies being daubed white, the other half red, with broad black bars, the *tout ensemble* being unique and diabolical. We formed line, and having arranged all our shields as bulwarks for the non combatants, awaited the first onset with apparent calmness. One of the largest canoes, which we afterwards found to be 85 feet 3 inches in length, rashly made the mistake of singling out the *Lady Alice* for its victim; but we reserved our fire until it was within 50 feet of us, and after pouring a volley into the crew, charged the canoe with the boat, and the crew precipitated themselves into the river and swam to their friends, while we made ourselves masters of the *Great Eastern* of the Livingstone. We soon manned the monster with thirty men, and resumed our journey.

Soon we heard the roar of the First Cataract of the Stanley Falls series. But louder than the noise of the falls rose the piercing yells of the savage Mwana Ntaba from both sides of the great river. We now found ourselves confronted by the inevitable necessity of putting into practice the resolution which we had formed before setting out on the wild voyage—to conquer or die.

Until about 10 p.m. we were busy constructing an impenetrable stockade of brushwood, and then, at length, we lay our sorely fatigued bodies down to rest, without comforts of any kind and without fires, but (I speak for myself only) with a feeling of gratitude to Him who had watched over us in our trouble, and a humble prayer that His protection may be extended to us, for the terrible days that may yet be to come.

AT HOME IN FIJI.*

BY REV. SAMUEL P. ROSE.

BURE, OR HEATHEN TEMPLE, FIJI.

THIS is another book for which we are indebted to the adventurous spirit and facile pen of a lady. We have come to regard it as presumptive proof that a book of travels will be interesting when it is written by one of the gentler sex. It seems to be given to a woman to see more, and record what she sees more clearly, than in the case of the average man. This is especially so when the book is written, as is this, in the form of letters. A clever writer makes you forget that the letters were not addressed to you personally, and imparts facts and figures so pleasantly that you learn without weariness, surprised to find that you have been instructed when you had only hoped to be amused. This style of compositon, too, admits of the introduction of a thousand minor facts and incidents, which would seem out of place in a more pretentious work; but which add immensely to the charm of the narrative.

We opened Miss Cumming's newest volume expecting to be instructed and interested by her account of the far away islands of the sea. We have not been disappointed. She has written a

* *At Home in Fiji.* By G. F. GORDON CUMMING. Second edition, complete, in one volume. With map and illustrations. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. $1 25.

delightful book. The very charm of her letters—their picturesque descriptions of persons and places, and their thousand details of

OUR HOME IN FIJI.

travel—renders a condensation of their contents exceedingly difficult. We hope, however, to reproduce such facts as will be

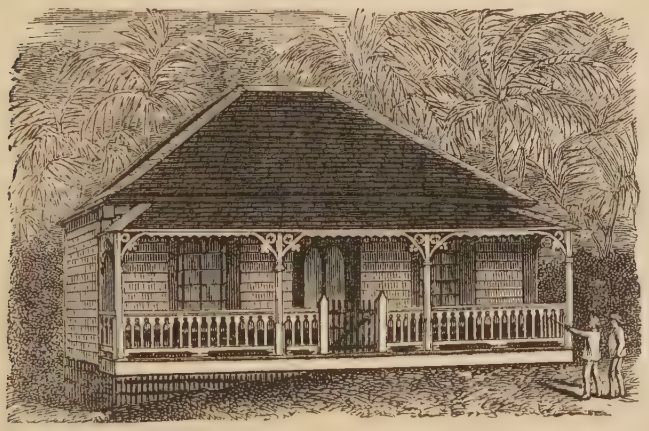
of general interest, having especial reference in doing so to the Wesleyan missions in Fiji, to the successful character of which Miss Cumming bears frequent and important testimony.

Miss Cumming's voyage to the Fijian islands was made in 1875, in company with Lady Gordon, wife of the Hon. Sir Arthur Hamilton Gordon, first British Governor of Fiji. Fiji, to quote from the introduction, is "an archipelago containing seventy or eighty inhabited islands, some of which are of considerable size, the largest, Viti Levu, or Great Fiji, being about ninety miles long by fifty broad. . . Besides these there are about one hundred and fifty uninhabited islets; and each of the principal islands forms a centre, round which cluster from twenty to thirty minor isles, forming groups as distinct and as widely separated as are the Orkneys, the Hebrides, and the Scilly Isles, and their people are equally unknown to one another. The climate, for the tropics, is unusually healthy."

It may be in the recollection of the reader that in 1874 Fiji was formally annexed to Great Britain. Sir Hercules Robinson, Governor of New South Wales, arranged the transfer, by means of which it was hoped that an end would be made to the intertribal wars which had wrought terrible mischief in the past, and that a healthy national independence would be developed. When Sir Arthur Gordon became Governor the prospects were far from encouraging. In the first place, the islands were just recovering from a dreadful pestilence by which 40,000 out of a population of 120,000 had died. It is pleasant to add in this connection, that though the pestilence was regarded by a few of the recently converted tribes as a judgment upon them for having accepted Christianity, yet out of the 40,000 who are supposed to have perished, 35,000 were known to the Wesleyan teachers to have been either candidates for membership in or members of the Christian Church. In addition to the evils resulting from the pestilence, a spirit of dissatisfaction was beginning to evince itself among those who had foolishly imagined that the mere cession of Fiji to Britain would, in some magical fashion, work a cure of all existing ills. These, it is needless to say, were doomed to disappointment. And, besides all this, the revenue of the islands was only some £16,000, while the expenditure reached £70,000. It will be enough to add to these details that the form of the government is that of a Crown Colony, with Executive and

Legislative Councils, and that the population in 1880 was estimated at 110,000 natives, 1,902 Europeans, and 3,200 Polynesians.

After a voyage of five months, over the interesting details of which we may not linger, Miss Cumming reached Fiji on Sunday, September 26, 1875. The Rev. Frederick and Mrs. Langham, who had lived in Fiji for seventeen years—Mr. Langham being the Superintendent of the Wesleyan Missions—accompanied Miss Cumming and her party from New South Wales. "They are a kind, genial couple," she writes, "while she is a gentle little woman, whom it is hard to associate with such scenes as she has had to go through." Mr. Langham surprised her by



Wesleyan Mission House, Ovalan, Fiji.

saying that the Wesleyans had established, at that date 1,400 schools and 900 churches in Fiji. "I think," adds Miss Cumming, "the Engineers were not the only people who opened their eyes at this statement, which is strictly true!"

Writing of the houses of Levuka, then the capital of Fiji, Miss Cumming says: "You need not imagine that the bungalows here are like those bowers of delight I have described to you in other tropical countries. There are no wide verandahs, over which veils of luxuriant creepers weave garlands of delight, and no heavy scent of tropical blossoms perfumes the night air. Here few people have time, or care, to cultivate flowers; and somehow those who have, have only succeeded on a *very* small scale. Even the fire flies, which we demand as a positive right in all tropical

lands, are very few and very dim. As to the houses, they are all alike hideous, being built of wood (weather-board is the word), and roofed with corrugated iron or zinc, on which the mad tropical rains pour with deafening noise; or else the burning sun beats so fiercely as well nigh to stifle the inmates, to whom the luxuries of punkahs and ice are unknown; and even baths are by no means a matter of course, as in other hot countries."

It was found, too, that Fiji was not a land flowing with milk and honey. The high price of the ordinary supplies of daily food, together with the difficulties attending the vexed question of servants, made residence in these islands less desirable than one might suppose. A more extended acquaintance with her new house led Miss Cumming to make the subjoined statements: "This island is itself quite beautiful, though by no means a desirable one on which to establish a capital, as it consists entirely of very steep hills, rising to a height of about 3,000 feet, crowned with great crags, and rent by deep gorges densely wooded. . . . I must say the little town greatly exceeds our expectations. We had imagined it was the haunt of uproarious planters, and white men of the lowest type, described by visitors of a few years ago, instead of which we find a most orderly and respectable community of about 600 whites, inhabiting 180 wooden houses. We are told that the reformation in the sobriety of the town is partly due to the Good Templars, who here muster a very considerable brotherhood."

The shops, though modest, were found to be "fully stocked with all things needful." The main street possessed houses on one side only, and a stranger was amazed to find a town every house of which was destitute of a chimney! One source of disappointment was the almost total absence of flowers. Horses, too, were unknown until the arrival of a few belonging to the Government party. The first horse seen by the natives called forth the somewhat remarkable exclamation, "Oh, the great pig!" The poverty of the people was painful, and the place "frightfully expensive."

Of one thing there is no lack in the Fijian island, namely, Churches. In Levuka alone Miss Cumming found, "besides the Wesleyan native chapels," "a large Wesleyan Church for the white population, a Roman Catholic Church, and an Episcopal

one." In native work the Wesleyans of course lead the van, "the Church of England most wisely judging it best to leave the Fijians wholly in the care of the Wesleyans, whose mission here has been so marvellously successful." The heathenism of these islands, before the Wesleyan Missionary took them captive for Christ, was of a terribly revolting character. In addition to the cannibalism for which the Fijians are so painfully notorious, every form of cruelty was practised. Human life was held very cheap, virtue was unknown. Seldom have the ravages of sin been more apparent, or the victories of the cross more complete and glorious than in Fiji.

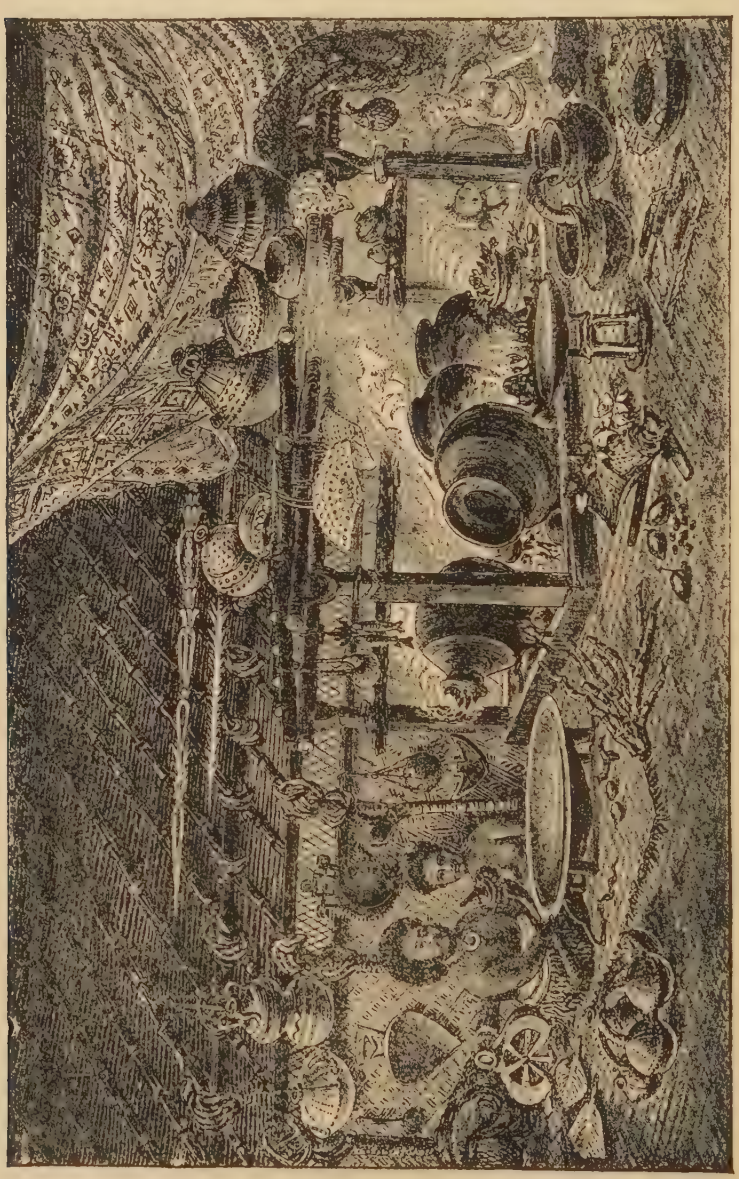
Miss Cumming was soon afforded an admirable opportunity of forming an accurate estimate of the work of Wesleyan missions in these islands. The Rev. Mr. Langham, accompanied by his devoted wife, was about to make a tour of inspection into the interior. Miss Cumming was invited to join them. This she gladly did. We must refer the readers to her delightful book for a complete record of her trip. As a member of the Church of England her testimony has a peculiar value. A few facts and incidents we shall venture to repeat. A description of a native house—a chief's by the way—is too good to omit. Having explained that it consists of one large room for everyone, but that "in a very fine chief's house, such as this, large curtains of native cloth are hung up at night to divide the upper end into several snug compartments," Miss Cumming adds :—

"There is no furniture whatever; and a pile of soft mats is the only bedding required. A Fijian pillow consists of a bamboo, or a bar of wood, standing on two wooden legs, six inches high, which supports the neck only very much like the pillows of the Kaffirs, and on the same principle as those of Japan."

Mr. Langham's work is referred to eulogistically. For years he went "to and fro, among the cannibal tribes, when they were all at war, as mediator and teacher, urging them to make peace and to abstain from the horrible customs of heathenism, and accept the loving law of Christ." Surprise seems constantly to be awakened by the evident success of mission work.

"I think," she writes, "it might well startle some of our sleepy congregations to find themselves in a Fijian Church, of which there are 900 in these isles, for every village which becomes Christian begins by building a church and a teacher's

house, and undertakes to feed and clothe the latter, besides giving him a small payment in kind for individual schooling."



A CHIEF'S KITCHEN.

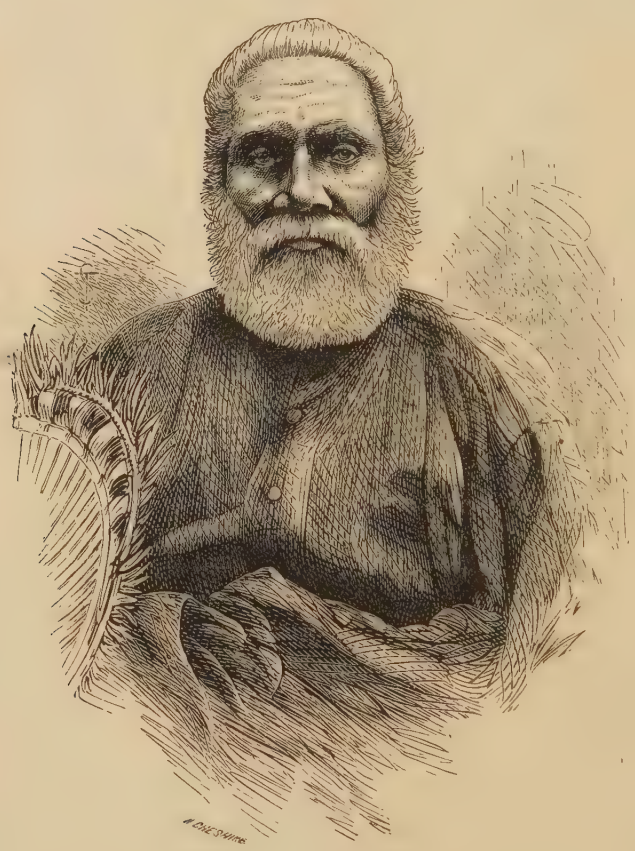
A Sabbath among the converts gives Miss Cumming great delight. "The form of service" she found to be "much the

same as in a Presbyterian Church, with the addition of the *Te Deum* and Apostles' Creed, which are chanted in the native fashion, the missionaries having wisely made use of native customs when practicable." Of the genuineness of the devotion which she saw manifested she found no reason to be skeptical. "Everything in daily life tends to prove its reality." The exceeding honesty of these native Christians is delightful. "Boxes and bags which are known to contain knives and cloth and all manner of tempting treasures, stand unlocked," and are perfectly safe. Nor is their generosity less remarkable than their honesty. They are very poor, and yet "not only does each village support its own teacher, but considerable offerings for a general fund are made at the annual school examinations and 'missionary meetings.'" These missionary meetings differ in character from our own. "They are simply great days of native merry-making, when the missionaries very wisely encourage the people to keep up the most popular and innocent of their national customs, and when all who attend bring offerings according to their ability and inclination."

A remarkable character by the name of Thakombau was met in the course of the trip. Miss Cumming heard him offer the first prayer at a new year's festival, "It certainly was strange," she says, "to hear the first words of prayer uttered in the New Year flowing from *his* lips, concerning whose youth and manhood we had heard such appalling tales—tales, moreover, which we knew to be undoubtedly true, beginning with that early feat of his childhood, when at the tender age of six, the young Seru, as he was then called, clubbed his first victim, a boy somewhat his senior." Fifty years were spent in a manner worthy so shocking a beginning. After a series of misfortunes he was led, at last, to renounce heathenism, and was baptized in 1857. When Miss Cumming saw him he he was "a very fine old man, stately and chief-like in his bearing, and with clear, penetrating eyes." Many similar instances were met, all illustrating the power of the Gospel in securing the salvation of every creature.

Another singular and noble man, whose acquaintance Miss Cumming formed, was the Tongan minister, Joeli Mbulu. The Tongans and their faithful minister have played too important a part in the evangelization of Fiji to be dismissed with a single sentence. The Tongans anticipated the work of the Wesleyan

Missionary in Fiji. Themselves converted to God through the labours of Wesleyan teachers in the Friendly Isles, like the early Christians they went everywhere proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation; "and as they had frequent intercourse with some parts of Fiji, it was not long before the Tongan sailors taught all they



THAKOMBAU, KING OF FIJI.

had learned to such of their own kinsmen as had already settled in Fiji and to such Fijians as could be induced to hear them." But they did more. By "the moving tale of awful horrors" which they told, and by "the encouragement afforded by the sowing of that first seed," the Revs. W. Cross and David Cargill were induced to "leave the comparative comfort of their homes in Tonga to come and establish the mission in Fiji, where they landed in October, 1835." They found many Tongans already

settled at Lakemba, the island where the mission was opened. They were good pioneers, and rendered valuable aid in promulgating the doctrines of Christianity. From their ranks devoted teachers came forth, ready to labour, and, if need be, to die for their new faith. Of these Joeli Mbulu was the chief. The story of the conversion of these islanders, whose pastor Joeli became, is touching and sweetly illustrative of the Scripture, "Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness." "It was truly," as Miss Cumming remarks, "the story of

> 'An infant crying for the light,
> And with no language but a cry.'"

A series of misfortunes had shaken the faith of the Tongans at

GRAVE OF THE REV. W. CROSS, FIJI.

Ono, in their temples and their gods. Just then they learned something of Christianity: not much indeed, for all they were taught was, "that there was one God, Whom all must serve continually, and that one day in seven was to be devoted to His worship." Faint as the light was they followed it eagerly.

"So on the sixth day they prepared their food for the seventh, on the morning of which they dressed as for a festival, and assembled to worship this unknown God. But here a difficulty arose, as to how to set about it. In their dilemma they sent for the heathen priest, whose god they were now forsaking, and requested him to officiate for them. This he did, to the best of his power, offering a short and simple prayer for the blessing of

the Christian's God, but intimating that he himself was merely a spokesman for his neighbours, being himself a worshipper of another god!"

These sincere and earnest seekers, dwelling on the far away isles of Ono, sent messengers to Tonga for Christian teachers. In

DANIEL AFEE, NATIVE WESLEYAN MISSIONARY.

the meanwhile Christianity was spreading at Lakemba, where the Wesleyan missionaries had gone. A number of converts from Lakemba determined to return to Tonga. A storm drove a canoe load of them to the island of Vatoa, about fifty miles from Ono. Hearing of the anxious inquiry after truth on the part of their fellow-countrymen at Ono, one of their number, Josiah,

went as a teacher to instruct them in the way of life. His labours were greatly blessed, a chapel soon being built capable of holding a hundred persons. "All this was done ere the messengers from Tonga returned to tell that white teachers had gone to Lakemba, and that to them they must apply for help." A native missionary was, however, marvellously raised up to supply this lack of service, so that when Mr. Calvert visited Ono he found a band of faithful disciples anxiously desiring to know the way of the Lord more perfectly. Nothwithstanding persecution from their heathen neighbours,—for it should be remembered that the islands of Fiji differ essentially from each other in the character of their inhabitants,—Mr. Williams, who visited the isle in 1842, was delighted to find that out of 500 of a population, all were nominal Christians save three. And when Miss Cumming made the acquaintance of this people their piety was of so pure a type, their godliness so simple and true, that she felt constrained to echo Keble's sad words:—

> "And of our scholars let us learn
> Our own forgotten lore!"

Joeli Mbulu had been ordained as the native minister of Ono not long before Miss Cumming's visit. Her testimony to his character is emphatic. "I have rarely met any man so perfectly simple, or so unmistakably in earnest." His death, which is recorded towards the close of the volume, justifies the oft-repeated words, "Our people die well." Writing from Bau, May 7, 1877, Miss Cumming says:—

"Last night there was great wailing and lamentation in Bau, for soon after midnight Joeli passed away, and died nobly as he lived. He was quite conscious to the very last, and the expression of the grand old face was simply beautiful, so radiant, as of one without a shadow of doubt concerning the Home he was so near. No man ever more truly earned the right to say, 'I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith.'"

Miss Cumming pays fitting tribute to the labours of John Hunt, who, with Mr. Lyth, about 1837 came to Somo Somo, one of the most notorious for cruelty of the Fijian Isles. With the story of Hunt's faithful and heroic toil, and of his triumphant death in 1848, at the early age of thirty-six, the readers of this Magazine have been made familiar. It would but be the repetition of an already

well-told tale to dwell upon this portion of this enchanting book. It may however confirm our readers' faith in what they have been

HOT SPRINGS, ISLE NGAU.

told to read the following words: "Truly if such a change as this [that wrought by Mr. Hunt's toil], were the sole result wrought by

the mission, the lives of Cross, Hunt, Hazlewood, Polglaze and Baker, were not laid down in vain."

It was our intention, on beginning this article, to quote more largely from Miss Cumming's book: to have given a more extended account of the natural features of Fiji, as, for example, of the Hot Springs, of which an illustration is furnished; likewise of the people themselves. It would, however, extend the paper much beyond its assigned limits were this to be done. We cannot close, however, without quoting the testimony of this lady, who, is not a Wesleyan, and who in addition to her trip into the Interior, made a voyage around the islands, and whose opportunities for becoming acquainted with the actual state of things were ample, to the success of Methodist missions in Fiji.

"I often wish," she writes, "that some of the cavillers who are forever sneering at Christian missions could see something of their results in these isles. But first they would have to recall the Fiji of ten years ago, when every man's hand was against his neighbour, and the land had no rest from intertribal wars, in which the foe, without respect to age or sex, were looked upon only in the light of so much beef; the prisoner deliberately fattened for the slaughter; limbs cut off from living men and women, and cooked and eaten in the presence of the victim, who had previously been compelled to dig the oven, and cut the firewood for the purpose, and other practices too horrible to mention; and this not only in time of war, when such atrocities might be deemed less inexcusable, but in time of peace, to gratify the caprice and appetite of the moment. . . . . Think of all this, and of the change that has been wrought, and then imagine white men who can sneer at missionary work in the way they do. Now you may pass from isle to isle, certain everywhere to find the same cordial reception by kindly men and women. Every village on the eighty inhabited isles has built for itself a tidy church, and a good house for its teacher or native minister, for whom the village also provides food and clothing. *Can you realize that there are nine hundred Wesleyan Churches in Fiji,* at every one of which the frequent services are crowded by devout congregations, that the schools are well attended, and that the first sound which greets your ear at dawn, and the last at night, is that of hymn-singing and most fervent worship, rising from each dwelling at the hour of family prayer?"

The foolish belief, if indeed it be a belief and not a deliberate falsehood often, touching extravagant salaries of missionaries, is completely disposed of by Miss Cumming's letters. Having entered fully into particulars, showing that, in this most expensive country, the salaries of the missionaries are only something like $800 per annum, and that of the native teachers much less, Miss Cumming adds :—

"You may judge from these particulars that a missionary's income is not on that excessively luxurious scale which you might suppose from reading the comments made by many travellers who have been hospitably entertained at mission stations as much-honoured guests, for whom even the fatted calf has not been spared, and who (seeing the air of bright comfort and neatness prevailing around) have failed to give the honour due to the careful and excellent house-keeping which could produce such admirable results with smaller means than are squandered in many a slatternly and slovenly household."

We may be permitted to add that for purposes of instruction and entertainment, and the imparting of enlarged views of the power of the Gospel to save, no recent book so far as we know, is better fitted than Miss Cumming's "At Home in Fiji."

ORILLIA, 1883.

ORION.

ORION, with his glittering belt and sword
Girded since time has been, while time shall be,
Looks through the window nightly upon me,
My day's work done, its weary conquests scored,
Its wearier failures bitterly deplored.
Thou splendid, soulless warrior! what to thee,
Marching along thy bloodless fields, are we,
Who hardly can a breathing space afford,
Between the routed and the advancing foe?
Yet ours is glory that out-dazzles thine:
Not before thee will we ourselves abase.
Thy stars but pave the road whereon we go,
Assured by our alliances divine,
Of conquering yet the world, and time, and space.

MY DAY IN THE TROSACHS.

BY A CANADIAN LADY.

"The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine."

Do we, after all, attach enough importance to the beauty of our surroundings? Are we ever sufficiently thankful that the world is indeed so beautiful? To how many sad, fainting hearts have the beauties of nature spoken peace besides the African traveller, Mungo Park, who, seeing the little flower in the desert, took courage thinking that if God had thus brought to maturity and perfection this little flower, in such unfavourable circumstances, he would assuredly watch over the lonely traveller. "If God so clothe the lilies of the field, will He not also clothe you, oh ye of little faith?" But it is nature, generally, in its spring or summer garb, that brings these thoughts. The sweet peace that sometimes fills the wrung bosom at the sight of the soft green of the fields, of the brilliant hues of the flowers, of the nodding branches, or at the soft murmur of the fragrant breeze, is not felt, I think, in the howling tempest, in the storm at sea, in the raging snow storm, nor the rolling thunder. Though these are all grandly beautiful, they speak of power and not of love. And, as in the fable, the power which resisted every harsh influence yielded to the penetrating beams of the sun, so the love of God is a more moving influence than all the terrors of judgment. It is to the still, small voice that we really listen.

The question is frequently asked, What do you mean by the Trosachs? and it seems to be with some a doubtful point whether is meant an animal, an exhibition, possibly a menagerie, or a place. Indeed, my own idea was very indefinite, the only consistency it had being that the word represented some of the finest scenery of Scotland, described by Sir Walter Scott in his *Lady of the Lake;* but on the points how to reach it, how long must be spent there, in what country situated, a general mistiness prevailed. The word Trosachs properly means rough country, and is applied to the space between Lochs Katrine and Achray, though frequently given to a much

larger extent of country. Sir Walter Scott may be said to have discovered this scenery, as, although it had been described by Dr. Robertson, and well described, too, this description attracted comparatively little notice till the magic wand of the Wizard of the North was stretched out and waved over it. He said, "Open, sesame," and at the word in rushed crowds of tourists (and these have never ceased) from all parts of the world to wonder, admire, and try to describe what is simply indescribable. Strange that the people of these isles had such beautiful scenery, grand mountain heights, and quiet lake loveliness lying, as it were, at their very doors, and yet seemed so long ignorant of it. No work ever did before for any country what the *Lady of the Lake* did for Scotland. The minuteness of close and personal observation is wonderful; we almost expect to see rise up before us the *dramatis personæ* of the poem. There seems, in all essential points, absolutely no change. But the traveller finds himself in not quite such solitary state as then, his tour being made in far more favourable circumstances, as roads have been made, steamers put on the lochs, hotels erected, and trains running to and from the ends of the lakes. Yet during most of the trip no house is seen. Nothing disturbs the solitude,—nature, in all her beauty and grandeur, alone and unadorned by man's device.

In point of position these lakes are Loch Lomond, between Dumbarton and Stirling, and Loch Katrine, in Perthshire—the former twenty-three miles long and from five to eight miles broad, the latter ten miles by two. Peaks of the Grampians rise around, the highest in sight, Ben Lomond, over three thousand feet high; many other lofty peaks are seen, each putting on a new aspect at every turn in the road. To our large ideas, in this vast continent, from every day seeing our own Lake Ontario—almost as large as Scotland, while Superior is nearly as large as England—these lakes seem very small, absurdly so, to have caused such raptures. But if nature is on a small scale the quality abundantly makes up for what is lacking in quantity. Nay, far more, for as much beauty and grandeur are crowded into a few square miles as would set up some larger countries quite respectably as regards scenery. Often had the mountains of Scotland been spoken of in my hearing, with great admiration and fondness, by those who had little chance

of seeing them again; but I never understood, till now, what called forth such feelings. I well remember years ago reading a book of travel of a British tourist. I eagerly read on, thinking now our country would receive some praise, but, to my intense disgust, Western Ontario was passed over with a few slighting words as a flat, uninteresting country from the Suspension Bridge to Windsor. I set this down to his insular prejudice, but can now see that so our level fields would strike any one accustomed to the ever-changing diversity of a hilly country.

In planning any excursion, a very important factor, and one never to be omitted, is the weather, particularly in a country where Jupiter Pluvius so frequently presides. It was decided to form a party of three; the day fixed was Monday, as no other was available. Should the weather be unpropitious, my only opportunity of seeing the finest (at least the most famed) Scottish scenery would be lost. It may be imagined how our spirits sank with the barometer; indeed the prospects were gloomy enough, as rain was falling slightly at our start. However the event did not justify our fears, as the day proved delightful. On the train from Glasgow to Balloch pier we passed Kenton, the birthplace of Smollett; a monument to his memory can be seen from the train. He is known to us as a novelist and historian, but these lines, describing this same Leven water and its people, though neither remarkable for rhyme nor rhythm, show him something of a poet as well as mark his appreciation of his countrymen.

> "By bowers of birch and groves of pine,
> And edges flowered with eglantine;
> And ancient faith that knows no guile,
> And industry embrowned with toil;
> And hearts resolved, and hands prepared,
> The blessings they enjoy to guard."

In this same Leven water we saw numerous swans floating about, convincing us that we were indeed in another land. Lord Blantyre's seat was passed, with Campsie Hills in the distance; the Clyde, with its forests of shipping; Dumbarton Castle, a round, solid, heavy-looking structure. At Balloch pier a steamer was waiting, and soon we were on Loch Lomond, smooth and blue, crags and peaks rising around us, some with

their sides clothed with verdure, but the summits bare, or covered only with moss or lichens. In our zigzag course, crossing and recrossing the lake, we passed many islands, Balmahr, etc. Some of our tourists landed, intending to reach the top of Ben Lomond. We were content with a more distant view, but it must be confessed we did not have even this, for the mist fell and concealed from our gaze the lofty summit. At Inversnaid where we landed, we saw the beautiful waterfall, the scene of Wordsworth's "Highland girl," but unlike the poet we saw no "nut-brown maid." Here we took coach for Loch Katrine, four miles distant. These coaches were a new experience to me, drawn by four horses, with seats for sixteen on the top, where we sat instead of inside, reaching our elevated position by means of a ladder. The coachmen, at least some of them, wore the scarlet coat mentioned by Sir Walter Scott. Fancy being expected to fee so mighty a personage. The rapid motion in the open air was exhilarating. Does any kind of locomotion equal that of riding? Nothing, perhaps, but the swift passage over the water in a sail-boat gives such a feeling of freedom and power. Too soon our ride was over. At Stronaclacher the Rob Roy steamer was waiting. This was smaller and more crowded than that on Loch Lomond, the tourists numbering about a hundred. Compared with our large river and lake floating palaces, it seemed absurdly small. Judging from appearances and language many nationalities were represented; England, Scotland, Germany, France, and America, all offering representatives. To me, at least, the quiet loveliness of Loch Katrine far surpassed the wilder beauty of Loch Lomond. The day now became much brighter, although the sun did not shine as in our own Western land. It is only by seeing the low-hanging clouds and circumscribed view here that Canadians learn to appreciate the lofty arch overhead and clear air which they enjoy almost uninterruptedly day after day.

Almost every moment a new vista of loveliness opened up. It would seem that we had arrived at the extremity of the lake, when all at once an opening before unseen would appear, and what we had thought the end of the lake would prove but a projection of the shore. The heights above, in tiers as it were, one over the other, casting their shadows in the glassy surface

of the water, produced an effect I never saw equalled. At one particular spot, when going through the most beautiful part of the lake, I noticed that a solemn silence seemed all at once to have fallen on all. Not a word was spoken—for how long I can not say. A solemn joy seemed to fill the heart; each seemed gazing in awe, taking the heart's fill of what he might never see again. At the time this silence did not seem anything remarkable, but was recalled afterwards as what was in reality a fitting tribute to nature's loveliness. Except by watching closely some rock or other landmark, so deceptive was the appearance, it was almost impossible to tell which was land and which was water or shadow. Not quite the same had it appeared to Scott, who thus saw it:

> "Mildly and soft the western breeze
> Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees,
> And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
> Trembled, but dimpled not for joy;
> The mountain shadows on her breast
> Were neither broken nor at rest;
> In bright uncertainty they lie. . . .

Neither did we see the lake from this very different point of of view,

> "Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
> One burnished sheet of living gold,
> Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled;
> In all her length far winding lay,
> Of promontory, creek, and bay.
> And islands that, empurpled bright,
> Floated amid the livelier light,
> And mountains, that like giants stand,
> To sentinel enchanted land.
> High in the south huge Ben Venue
> Down to the lake in masses threw
> Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
> The fragments of an earlier world;
> A wildering forest feathered o'er
> His ruined sides and summit hoar,
> While on the north, through middle air,
> Ben Aan heaved high his forehead bare."

At the landing coaches awaited us, this time for a longer

ride, twelve miles to Callender. All along our way the soft purple of the heather invested the lower heights and roads, and added to the view still another beauty. Our ride was extremely pleasant, with a spice of danger too. As this is the part of the country that gives the name to our trip, it is literally a rough country. Not quite so much so as Fitz-James found it, for then "no pathway met the wanderer's ken, the broom's tough shoots his ladder made, and hazel saplings lent their aid." Now, however, roads have been made, and it must be confessed, these roads are smoother than ours. Our road lay close to Loch Achray and Vennachar with the heights above, Ben Aan, Venue, Ledi, the trees so close that we could pull the branches down as we passed. In going down hill the drag had frequently to be put on. Near the summit of one of the heights was a large boulder, which must have been left here in the ice period, ages ago. What convulsions of nature must have rent those rocks, and piled up height on height. Ben Ledi, or Hill of God, recalls the ancient worship of Baal, for here yet linger traces of the Beltane fires in the customs of Hallowe'en, the most ancient festival it is supposed in the world. On the first of May, the boys here still meet and keep up some of those old customs (not knowingly, of course), in honour of Baal.

As we rode on through the pass, almost every point of Scott's description seemed reproduced. His words sprang to our lips: "Here Vennachar in silver flows, there ridge on ridge Ben Ledi rose." Here again are the dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak; here "the patches of bright bracken green and heather black that waved so high;" here the "dark osiers fringing swamp and hill;" and here the "wreck of gravel, rock and sand." There is the "eastern ridge of Ben Venue, that swathes as with a purple shroud Ben Ledi's distant hill." How astonishing to find, as line after line recurs to the mind, that after seventy years there seems so little change—that we seem almost to recognize each separate tree, mountain-path and glade. We almost expect, so exact is the description, to see start up before us the adventurous and royal Fitz-James, the fierce outlaw Roderick Dhu, the banished Douglas; nor would we be astonished to see the hounds of black St. Hubert's breed, the gallant grey lying dead, the minstrel Allan Bane, or the expectant maid on the silver strand.

It would seem with all this that Loch Katrine has abundantly fulfilled its mission, if that mission were simply to be beautiful, to be admired. But those utilitarian people of Scotland have contrived to make it useful to them as well,—for the inhabitants of the city of Glasgow, half a million of people, are supplied with drinking water from Loch Katrine, a distance of over thirty miles. The works were opened by Her Majesty Queen Victoria in 1859,—after four years had been employed in their construction, and over $5,000,000 expended. The water is conveyed in a tunnel over a mile long through the mountain, thence again by tunnels and aqueducts to the reservoir, and distributed to the city by fifty miles of pipes. When the project was first mooted much opposition to the plan was made, it being feared that the beauty and romance of the scenery would be destroyed; but these fears proved to be groundless.

At Callender we again took the train for Stirling. This part of the trip was, as it were, thrown in,—a pleasure not expected; for the longer twilight than we enjoy gave us a view of this ancient stronghold of the Scottish kings. On a commanding height facing the Forth stands Stirling Castle, reminding one of that of Edinburgh. It dates back as far as 1009, when it was used against the Danish invaders. It was taken over and over again, and held sometimes by the kings and sometimes by their rebellious barons, then by the English in 1333, and again by Cromwell in 1651. The rough usage it has received has left unmistakable impress on its walls. One of its rooms was the scene of the murder of the Earl of Douglas by James, in a fit of passion. To Stirling Castle young James V. fled, when a boy, to free himself from another Earl of Douglas, who was forthwith forbidden to approach within six miles of the royal castle. On Abbey Craig, a high precipitous rock near, is erected a monument to Wallace, 220 feet high, which, compared with the exquisite model of Sir Walter Scott's, seemed a clumsy affair.

We reached home weary after a day of unalloyed pleasure. One day indeed was all too short, and as reluctantly I bade farewell to these scenes the words of our American writer, Mrs. Sigourney, on seeing Ben Lomond and recalling our own lakes, recurred to mind.

> "But to Ben Lomond's awful crown,
> Through shrouding mists look dimly down,

Even I, from far Columbia's shore,
Whose lakes a mightier tribute pour—
Superior's surge, like ocean proud,
That leaps to lave the vexing cloud ;
And Erie, shuddering on his throne
At strong Niagara's earthquake tone ;
And bold Ontario, charged to keep
The barrier 'tween them and the deep :
I, reared amid that western vale,
Where nature works on broader scale,
Still with admiring thought and free,
Loch Lomond, love to gaze on thee ;
Reluctant from thy beauties part,
And bless thee with a stranger's heart."

STRENGTH AND TRUST.

BY THE REV. E. A. STAFFORD, B.A.

In twining love the ivy threw
Around the oak her gentle arms ;
By him upheld she beauteous grew,
And mantled o'er his trunk her charms.

And from her heart, as close she clung,
Sweet tendrils fondly reached his own ;
With all her weight she on him hung
Till oak and ivy seemed as one!

Then high he held aloft his head ;
To bear her form was proud to live ;
And for his strength she brought, instead,
The grace and beauty she could give.

So life a happy emblem finds
Of wedded gentleness and might ;
The blended gifts of varied minds
In common aims may both delight.

Then learn to lean ; by trusting live,
When chastened rise, your burdens flee ;
In loving sweetness aim to give
More gifts than earth returns to thee.

But mind the human arm is dust,
And for the darker days that come
In our great God and Father trust,
And look to an eternal home.

AT LAST;

OR, JAMES DARYLL'S CONVERSION.

BY RUTH ELLIOTT.

CHAPTER XV.

After tea James remained in to write some letters, while the others strolled off to the beach. For some time he sat by the open window, with his head resting on his hand. It seemed as if, with that day, he was closing for ever one book of his life —as if he had passed a crisis in his history. Up till then he had been in a state of indecision—unable finally to resolve any course of action for the future. Now he had deliberately sealed his determination to abandon himself to the tide of circumstance, making no effort to reach any harbour of security and rest. "I will glide on with the tide," he said to himself "let it strand me where it will. I cannot swim against it; it is too strong for me; but I can and will drift with it. I suppose I shall land somewhere at last!" "At last!" The words awoke a slumbering echo. When would that "at last" come? At the end of life, when he passed from this world into the presence of life's mystery? Would it come too late for him to make any use of the knowledge that would then be his? In a fit of restlessness he rose, and paced the little room. "It is of no use!" he exclaimed at last, with a sigh; "I have tried and utterly failed! I am a fool to trouble any more about it."

It is said that life is like a cord composed of many-coloured threads. Here are the sombre-hued ones of every-day cares and troubles, and here the brighter ones of daily pleasures and joys. Here shows the black line which speaks of bitter loss and sorrow, bereavements and wearying mourning, deferred hopes and crushing disappointments; and here gleams the vivid crimson of love and radiant happiness. Into every life are all these woven; light and shade, sunshine and shadow. Sometimes the lines of darkness winds itself so closely round that it touches all things with its gloom, and the saddened heart cries out in anguish, "Light has gone out for ever!" "Into each life some rain must fall; some days must be dark

and dreary." Then again gleams the crimson thread, and the sombre hues are hidden, and the clouds break and disappear, and life grows brighter, and once more the sun shines out in all its strength. 'Tis so ordained.

Under the cliffs of Sedley Mildred and Errol stood in the quiet moonlight. The stars shone over the peaceful sea, and the little waves seemed loth to disturb the hush and rest of the summer's night, and broke with a subdued, softened splash on the rocks, and pebbles, and shingly beach.

He had been speaking hopeful words of the future, auguring much from her brother's successful hospital career; and she turned to him in the pretty, impulsive way he so liked to see, and said, "You always do me good, Mr. Errol—you always give me comfort."

"Will you give me a right to be ever ready with help and comfort, dear?" he said taking her hands in his, and bending over her with infinite tenderness. "May I claim it as mine to be ever at your side, in sorrow as well as in gladness? Mildred, will you come to me as God's best and sweetest gift? * * *

And the crimson thread wound itself closely round the cord, and the shining stars seemed to drink in and reflect its glowing radiance. And the rippling waves laughed, and murmured, and whispered the words to the old grey rocks; and the light breeze caught them, and flew away over the moonlit sea; and deep into one heart they sank, making sweet echoes for evermore.

* * * * * * *

"Where are those children?" wondered Mrs. Errol leaning over the garden-gate. "It is getting so late, and supper is waiting. Oh, here you are at last! Come, my dears."

"I forgot all about supper, mother," said her son, passing his arm caressingly round her. "Why did you wait?"

"I will not another time," she answered, smiling; "I will have everything cleared away."

Charlie laughed. "I shouldn't mind that mother. I have brought you a present—something you have long wished for. Guess what it is."

His very voice would have told the secret, even had a mother's instinct not already divined it.

The summer months passed all too quickly away. Autumn's

russet glories followed, and at last November's fogs and mists spoke, in unmistakable language, of winter's arrival. Early in December James received an appointment at a country infirmary, and his sisters went down to Sedley to spend a month or two with Mrs. Errol. Charlie was assisting an old friend of his father's, in a busy country town. In the following autumn he and James were to take the practice altogether.

Ericson was absorbed in his work at the hospital, and such as was always ready for him in the poorest and most wretched quarters of London. "Life is too short to be idled away," he said one day, in reply to an observation by James. "There is so much to be done and so few to do it. Besides, I have to make up for lost time."

That was the secret of his earnestness. Deep down in his heart was a bitter regret for wasted, and worse than wasted years. It was impossible to look back upon the past without being painfully conscious of a powerful influence thrown deliberately into the balance against the cause of truth as it now stood revealed. Especially did he feel this with respect to James. Not that he held himself entirely responsible for Daryll's views; but he knew, beyond all possible doubt, that he had fostered and strengthened them. And now his lips were closed; bound by his promise, he was unable to use any argument or influence to counteract the work of the last few years.

To all appearance James had dismissed the subject entirely; never, by any chance, did he make the slightest reference to it. Errol he had bound to silence, as he had done Ericson; and all that was left for them was to wait and trust. To Charlie this came almost naturally; he was of such a sunny, hopeful temperament, and his faith in God's love so strong.

"It seems so natural," he said to Mildred, "that God out of the light of His perfect knowledge, should stretch out His hand into the darkness of mistake and error, and touch His children just to show them which way to turn to seek Him. He has various ways of touching us; me He touched through poor Ned; Ericson, by a variety of incidents, all working together for good. The time has not yet come for James, I suppose; but I cannot doubt that it will. Who would have thought that Ericson would ever be as he is now?"

The night before James left London he was out with Ericson. It was a bitterly cold night, and they hurried along with their collars turned up, their hands deep in their pockets, as most of their shivering fellow-mortals were doing.

"I have a call to make down here," said Ericson, pausing at the top of an alley. "Will you go on, or come down with me? I shall only be a minute or two."

"Oh, I'll come," answered James; "only don't keep me outside in the cold, there's a good fellow. Who is it you are going to see? If it's the goodman, I'll step in and have a chat with the missus."

"He hasn't got one; he is a poor, old, bed-ridden man, with only two comforts in the world, one of which I am taking him—a packet of tobacco. Come in and speak to him; it will give him something to talk about for the next fortnight. A visitor is an event, I can tell you."

He opened a door, and went into a small dark room, half of which seemed to be taken up by a bed. "Where is your light?" he asked, pleasantly. "Are you asleep, Donald?"

"No, sir; no," answered a cheery voice from the bed. "I'm wide awake, sir. I'm sorry I ain't got no light, but you see, sir, lights won't last for ever no more nor other things. If you poke the fire, maybe you'll get a bit of a blaze."

"No, light won't last for ever—nor tobacco; will it, Donald?"

The old man chuckled. "No, no, sir, 'baccy won't last. I'm thinking it's most time I give out myself. 'Tain't to be expected I'm to go on for ever."

"No, but you are wound up, and must go on, till you run down, you know. It wouldn't do for the works to stop before the Master meant them to; would it, Donald?"

"It would be uncommon bad workmanship that, sir, anyhow. I reckon I'll have to tick out my time. The strikes be getting mighty slow; the last time I struck it seemed as if the works was too rusty to finish. Maybe it's worn out they are. I don't think I shall manage another strike, sir."

"When is the time for it," asked Ericson.

"Some time in the spring. My memory's so bad—I forget whether it's April or May. It's writ in the Book, sir. I've ben a rare good 'un to go. I've struck nigh upon seventy-seven times."

"So many times! Well, I don't think you can complain of the works, Donald."

"Not I, sir! but I think it's most time I run down now. I expect the Master will be round afore long, to do me up agen. I keep a-fancying what sort of a case He'll put me in; I'm getting rather tired of this old 'un."

"Now, Donald, that's ungrateful; it's been a good serviceable case to you, I'm sure."

"So it have, sir—so it have; I suppose I mustn't speak agen it. It ain't ben quite so handsome as some, perhaps; but it's stood a lot of tear-and-wear. Anyhow, I shall have one fit for a king's son up yonder. Lor' sir, fancy me a-setten' up there 'long with all the grand folks! I think of it sometimes, and it fairly makes me laugh! What will they say to me?" The idea seemed to afford him infinite amusement, and he laughed and coughed till he nearly choked himself. His merriment was so evidently genuine that it was infectious, and the young men laughed too.

"Eh, I can hear 'em!" he went on, when he had recovered breath. "'Here comes old Donald! let's hear what he's a-got to say!' that's what they'll say, sure enough, all them big folks! I 'spect the Lord'll have to give old Donald a few lessons in manners. He'll have to l'arn me how to behave 'long with all the quality—won't He sir?"

"Ah, He'll teach you all you want to know, Donald. He will see that you get on all right up there."

"Sure, enough, sir; I don't discredit it, no ways. He's looked after me too well down here for me to be a misbelieving of Him up there. I ain't in no ways afeared. If it's manners I wants, it's manners He'll give me; and if it's l'arning I wants, it's l'arning He'll give me."

"And if it's tobacco you want, it's tobacco He'll give you, I suppose," said James who had listened with great amusement.

"Well, no, sir; I ain't sure as how we shall want the 'baccy there. You see we wants it here as a sort o' comfort; when things go wrong and worrit one, we turns to the 'baccy nateral; but there won't be nothing to worrit one up there, so we shan't want it. There'll be a sight better things than 'baccy, I'm thinking."

"What sort of things?" asked James, trying to draw him out.

"Well, sir, there's the Beasts to see! I always was mighty curious about them Beasts; what they wants with so many eyes I never could make out! What's your opinion on the subject, sir? You see I ain't much of a scholar."

"I really don't think I have an opinion about it! I have never studied the question," confessed Ericson, smiling. "But, Donald, it isn't the Beasts, surely, that you want to see up there?"

"Sure-ly no, sir! of course it ain't! It's Him as died I wants to see most! Him as wore the crown of thorns, and let 'em put the nails in His hands and feet for me! It's the dear Lord I wants to see up there first of all. I've got a mighty lot to say to Him, afore I turn to look for anything else."

"But there will not be very much to tell Him; will there, Donald? You tell Him everything as it happens now"

"I tells Him most everything as happens here, but when I sees His blessed face I shall mind upon heaps that I've clean forgotten now; they'll all come a-rushing up, like."

"It would take a good memory to remember all His loving-kindness and tender mercies, Donald," said Ericson, poking the tiny fire into a blaze. "He has has been a true Friend to you, hasn't He?"

"Better than I know, sir! I shan't never know all He's done for me till I get up yonder. Lor, sir, I don't know what I should ha' done without Him all these years! I often pities them poor things as can't take their troubles to Him. It ain't an easy world to live in, this ain't; most years—ay, most months or weeks—there's something happening to worrit one. I've had my share of troubles, sir, but it do help one wonderful when we think as how He's a-doing of it just to get us ready to go in there. Seems to me that trouble is just a-taking off our old shabby coats, and putting on the wedding garment. It ain't nice to take off them old things; but there, they must come off afore the other can go on."

James shrugged his shoulders. "It seems to me, Donald, that it would be very jolly to get rid of the old rubbish, especially if you had a new coat given you instead."

"That's just what we ought to think, sir; but somehow we gets fond of the old things, and perhaps we don't rightly know how shabby they are. Other folks sees that plainer than we do."

"Leave them alone for that," said James, laughing, "You have not gone through the world with your eyes shut, Donald, I can see."

"Well, I don't think I have, sir," replied Donald, delighted, with what he took to be a great compliment; "I've see as much as some folks, and perhaps a leetle bit more than some. Thank you kindly for your company, sirs; if you'll look in agen any time you are passing, I'll be very glad to see you."

"Your old friend is quite a character," said James, as they went home. "It was rather a novel idea, that of the heavenly menagerie!"

Ericson laughed outright. "Yes; he came out with it so suddenly! I wasn't prepared for such an answer to your question. Well, it's very natural, I am sure, especially for him. He was a keeper in a travelling menagerie for some years when he was young, and of course the very mention of the word 'beast' arouses his attention."

Over the supper-table that evening James gave an amusing account of his visit. He scarcely turned the old man to ridicule, and yet there was a perceptible vein of sarcasm in all he said. Late the same night he and Mildred sat together by the blazing fire. They had not much to say, and yet they were reluctant to part; it was their last night for perhaps months.

"Well, little sister, have you any parting injunctions for me?" he asked, as the little clock rang out the midnight hour. "Remember this is your last opportunity. I give you my parting benediction. Take care of yourself, and write to me very often. I don't think I've anything else to say to you. Charlie will take good care you don't come to any harm. You will have him this Christmas instead of me, I suppose. It is rather a shame that brothers are pushed to the wall!"

Mildred looked up quickly. "You are not pushed to the wall, James! you never will be! You don't think *that?*"

"No," he answered, looking down into the earnest eyes; "I know my sister loves her graceless brother. Even Charlie cannot take my place."

"He would never wish to; he cares too much for you himself. James, I have never told you our mother's last words." There was a curious tremor in her voice as she spoke, and he looked inquiringly at her.

"What do you mean, dear? I thought you had told me. What did she say?"

It was no easy thing to tell him, but she felt impelled to do it. "I never could tell you, James. I ought to have done so, dear, I know. We were alone, and she called me to her, and said, 'My boy will come right at last.'"

For some minutes there was silence, and then James rose. "Good night, dear; it is very late, and you have to be up early, remember."

CHAPTER XVI.

The visit to Donald was a striking contrast to the one paid to Roper, and James could not think of it without wonder. The words Ericson had spoken had fallen upon him with a strangeness that was at first almost bewildering. It seemed but the other day that they both would have listened with amusement, not unmixed with contemptuous pity, to the old man's words of simple faith and love; and now here was Ericson not only listening with approval, but actually speaking encouraging, helpful words in reply. Not that he had said much, but such as it was, it spoke volumes, and was an all-powerful practical illustration of the change that had taken place since the previous winter.

The next morning he saw his sisters off to Sedley, and then started off to his own destination.

"Good-bye, old fellow," said Ericson, who was with him. "Do you know, I think I shall run down to you for a few days in the spring? I shall enjoy a breath of sea-air."

"Do, by all means, it will be an act of Christian charity to visit me in my solitude."

"*Solitude!* not much of that will you have, I'm thinking," replied Ericson, drily.

"Can't a fellow be alone in a crowd?" retorted James. "Solitude, I take it, does not mean mere absence of general society, but absence of that mysterious affinity which a certain class of sentimental novelists rave about."

And so they parted, little dreaming how they would next meet. Ericson went back to his old work, and James on to his new. For the next few weeks his time was very much occupied, and he had little opportunity for recurring to the past. His mother's words, as Mildred had repeated them, made very little impression on him. He banished as far as lay in his power, all thought of her, and endeavoured to live entirely in the present and future.

One night he ransacked an old school desk, the contents of which he had not seen for years. "I should like to see what sort of letters I used to have in those days." So he took them; and one evening having nothing particular to do, he turned them all out, and went over them. Most of them were from home—some from Ericson and Charlie Errol.

There were letters from his father, full of fatherly advice, with here and there a gleam of fun and humour peeping out. Then came a large packet of his mother's letters; and over these he lingered, reading a line here and a line there. Never before had he appreciated, though simply because he had never understood, the intense, yearning love breathed throughout. Every sentence was fraught with a mother's earnest affection and tenderness for her one boy. One thing he noticed particularly; she nearly always finished with a prayer for a blessing. "May God bless my little son, and make him honourable, and upright, and true!" ended one, written for his ninth birthday; and there were many similar ones.

"Well, there is no doubt they helped to keep me right," he thought, as he retied the packet.

"I wasn't such a bad little chap then. At any rate I tried to do what was right; I can't say as much for myself now." And his memory went back to many scenes in his past life when the right had been deliberately set on one side. "Yes," he said with a sigh, as he turned the key; "'tis little joy to know I'm farther off from heaven than when I was a boy! It has been one continual drift, drift, drift, ever since I left home for London. God only knows what the end will be. Let me see; what was the first step?"

Going back to his first year in town, he ran over its various events. Link after link supplied itself, as he traced the chain from its slender beginning of misty doubt and confusion to its

full growth of confirmed unbelief. How well he remembered that first argument into which had rushed with all a boy's honest faith and home-taught trust in the truth of God's written word; and how keen and vivid was the recollection of his defeat and the supposed triumph of science as opposed to the Bible! Then followed a long season of indecision and misgiving, when he read with eagerness every book he could find on the subject, and entered into endless discussions with more advanced thinkers. How gradually the undermining went on day by day. The first doubt of God's truth fell upon him with all the suddenness of a thunderbolt, for the time almost stunning him! Could it really be that all the dear old Bible stories were fables? that the grand old Bible characters were men blinded and misguided by ignorance and error? All his boyhood's reverence for the good, and true, and holy rose in indignant appeal against the fatal doctrine, and yet! And yet what? Was it not proved—proved beyond all shadow of doubt—that much that the Bible taught was utterly impossible? Did not some of the master-minds of the age hold out the stern, unyielding, proven fact, that this and this was false, this and this untrue? What was he to believe? What was he to trust to? A book of cunningly devised fables, of interesting fictitious narrative, of touching incident, and beautiful idea! Was it not rather better to trust that which his own reason could understand and approve? that which the research and investigation of science held before him as indisputable fact?

"Ah, that was the time! the turning point in my life," he thought, bitterly. "If I had had but one helping hand then—one friend with God's love in his heart and God's wisdom on his lips—I might have been saved! I was left utterly to myself, and others worse than myself. Even Charlie then knew little of and cared less for what so deeply touched me; and Ericson—well, he was even deeper in the depths than I. No; there was not one hand outstreched to save me from myself—not one voice under God's heaven to warn me of the utter blackness and darkness into which I was stepping. I was left to myself, and I fell. Well, it is what better men than I have done; and now I must take the consequences, that is all. I am afraid, mother, dear, there is little chance that your boy will ever know

what it is to be 'right' in the sense you meant; it is too late for that now. I have gone too far to retrace my steps. And yet Ericson has done it?"

There were times when he could scarcely realize that the strange events of the past few months had really taken place; that Charlie and Ericson had actually passed into a life so utterly at variance with their own past and his present, a life of active belief of God's goodness and love. They had not merely accepted the revelation as it had come to them, and settled down in passive acquiescence with the decrees of a more powerful will than their own, but they had entered with an all-absorbing earnestness into their self-elected service. There was no fear that either would follow the dangerous path of half-heartedness which so fatally characterised a large portion of the Christian Church; no danger that faith would be made to stand alone, its rightful companions of good works and a life consistent with their creed entirely banished. Religion did not mean to them a mere escaping the consequences of a life spent in opposition to Divine laws; it meant a daily rising into a more complete unity with the Divine will. Christ was not only a Saviour, but an Example to be closely imitated and followed, a type of the perfect manhood which it was their aim to attain.

As Ericson had predicted, there was little chance of solitude for him. His was just the genial nature that always made friends. Go where he would, he was welcomed, by poor and rich alike. His patients looked out for the doctor's visit as the one bright ray of sunshine in their weary day. On every hand his society was courted and sought by the class least likely to understand the struggle through which he was passing. To not one of his new acquaintances could he breathe a syllable of the current of feeling underlying his every action. Not that he had the slightest wish to do so, of course; but still there was the ever-present consciousness that in all that concerned his deepest interests he was shut up to himself, that among all the crowd surrounding him was not one who would have the least sympathy with his restless longing for the presence of Christ. The more he tried to banish all such thoughts, the more persistently they rose in his mind; and do what he would, he could not drown them. Sorrowful memories of a long-lost faith haunted

him by day and night; and visions of what might have been came to him alike in waking and sleeping moments. He did shake them off at times, but only for them to return after a brief respite with redoubled force. Sometimes he almost regretted the promise which bound Ericson to silence, and would have given much for one long letter from him, telling of the health and strength given him in time of need. And Ericson knew nothing of it. Busy with his work, he was content to wait God's time. His faith that James would at some future time recognise infinite Love as well as infinite Power gave him just the security he needed. He knew that an irresistible influence was at work leading his thoughts God-ward, and he had trust in its power.

Philip Ericson's own life at that time was very bright. True, his time was completely taken up with work, sometimes arduous and severe. There were nights when his head never touched the pillow, and days when his feet, and brain, and hands scarcely knew what it was to be still. But his heart was in the work; and saying that, all is said.

THE DYING KEATS.

Suggested by Severn's Sketch in the June "Century."

O, MUSES' darling, bright Endymion!
How are the colours of thy beauty flown!
Pale lily, withering to the golden core,
No sun shall kiss thee open any more!
Fallen, death-heavy, from thy Dian's arms,
No more to taste or tell of goddess, charms;
Where wilt thou lean that wan and wasted cheek,
For those high-beating bosoms all too meek?
Forsaken, as a bird with broken wing,
By all thy bright Olympian following;—
Far hence the dancing nymphs and dryads fly,
A cold mist gathers over Arcady;
Pan is twice dead, and Hellas all a cold,
Wrapped for the tomb in broidered golden fold—
O, Muses' darling! lean thy dying head
On Jesus' bosom, for He too was dead!
The Star of Bethlehem, with His silver breath,
Lighten thy darkness, comfort thee in death!

STANSTEAD, Que. A. M. T.

MISSION WORK ON THE FRENCH SHORE, NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY THE REV. HENRY LEWIS.

THE French Shore, so-called, is that portion of the coast of Newfoundland upon which the British Government ceded to the French, by certain treaties, fishing rights that have been a matter of dispute among statesmen, lawyers, and fishermen of the two nations ever since. The French claim that their "rights" mean *exclusive* rights, while the Newfoundlanders say they are *concurrent* rights. Be that as it may, many Newfoundlanders have, in spite of protests from the French, settled on the Shore. Their number has so increased that the Newfoundland Government has now admitted two "members" into the House of Assembly, elected last fall; and the inhabitants have the privilege of contributing to the revenue of the colony, and having stipendiary magistrates, policemen, road boards, etc., as the necessary appendages of being governed.

The Newfoundland Methodist Conference has for some years had four or five "Missions" on this neglected Shore, and the success has been such as warrants the Missionary Committee to extend its operations to other portions.

It would be impossible for me, in the space allotted, to give even an outline of the work done on the several Missions, so, at the risk of appearing egotistic, I confine my remarks to personal reminiscences, though I would fain dwell on the heroic labours of other men. Having been appointed on what is known as the "Flower Cove Mission," I found that it then consisted in working along the south side of the Straits of Belle Isle some ninety or a hundred miles in a straight line, "as the crow flies," and working in the summer what is now known as the "Red Buoy" Mission, Labrador. I received a passage in the S. S. *Walrus*, which carried the mails from St. Johns to Labrador. When we got in sight of the section of the coast which was to be the scene of my future labours, I was anxious to catch a glimpse of it; but night had set in, and with that a thick fog, so I was disappointed, and the vessel was put on "half-speed." I was assured by one of the hands that "This 'ere Straits is a

cruel dangerous place." About eleven p.m., before turning in for the night, I went on deck to see how things looked. The fog was as dense as ever; a stiff breeze was blowing, and there was a "lumper" that made the steamer toss about, somewhat to the discomfort of a few. I had not long been on deck when one of the men ran aft shouting, "Hard up, Sir; we're right on an iceberg." And sure enough, there was the ugly looking berg towering above us and looking like a spectre of the sea. The steamer could not be stopped, and she just "rubbed along," her sides barely clearing the monster. Another was seen shortly afterwards. I went into the cabin, but not to sleep. The night wore away, and the morning light only served to show how dense the fog continued. However, ere long the cry was heard, "Land ahead," and in a moment we saw the cliffs of Labrador looming in the fog. A fishing punt was not far off, and, upon hearing the whistle, the fishermen came aboard. From them we learned that a few minutes more would have involved the good ship hopelessly among rocks and shoals.

I landed at Lance-au-Loup, on the Labrador coast, visited the people, and spent a pleasant Sabbath; and on Monday secured a passage to Flower Cove, on the French Shore. The distance across the Straits at this point is about twelve miles; it is the narrowest place. The boat I took passage in was nothing to boast of; it was a French bateau—a bait skiff—loaded. We left early in the day, hoping to reach the other side in good time; but, alas, the wind failed, a fog came on, and, under a burning sun, we drifted with the tide, we knew not whither. After a while we heard a noise. Thinking it was wind coming on—as it sometimes does—the Frenchmen had their sheets ready for the squall. But, lo! a large steamer—a liner—was coming right down upon us. I yelled, shouted, and made all the noise I could to attract attention on board the huge monster of the deep. The Frenchmen were repeating their prayers and crossing themselves with vigour. A terrible calamity seemed inevitable; the big ship passed, or rather rushed, along, just clearing us; but the surging of the water after she passed well nigh swamped our loaded boat, and left us thankful that it was no worse. The Frenchmen shook hands all round, and then commenced singing songs, as jolly as ever.

We reached the French Shore sometime in the afternoon,

but the tide had dragged us some six miles or more out of our port. The bateau remained there for the turn of the tide. I took my pack, over forty pounds' weight, and tramped along shore. The heat was intense. I was hungry and tired, and a swarm of mosquitoes made music in my ears, and feasted on my flesh. At length I reached a home, famous for hospitality, feeling that mission work in the Straits of Belle Isle was no sinecure. There was the work, and I was sent to do it, and do it I must, though at no small cost in the way of toil and hardship.

It does not take long for one to find out that elaborate discourses are "nowhere" on the French Shore; the plain people there want and need plain talk about eternal things. In most cases the congregation will assemble in a fisherman's cottage, and house to house visitation proves to be the most effectual mode of coping with the ignorance that exists in many places concerning spiritual things. The innumerable small fishing hamlets scattered along the coast necessitate continual travelling; and often there is no choice in the mode of transit.

Fishing boats of various descriptions are mostly to be had. I fell in with some pleasure parties in American schooners, who had every conceivable comfort. I also took passages in English craft, which were collecting cured fish to take abroad. These were the rare exceptions. I remember being "sold" on one occasion. I needed to cross the Straits to a harbour on the French Shore. A good looking schooner was going thither, and I procured a passage in her. We left at night, expecting to reach our destination by morning. The skipper gave me his "bunk," remarking at the same time, "I suppose you're not scared of rats; we're fairly pestered with them." I told him that a rat would not hinder me from sleeping. But to my dismay, the rats kept running over me from head to foot. It was out of the question to sleep in such a place, and I longed for the morning. The morning came, and so did a terrific rainstorm. I landed, but only to find that the house I was to stay at was "leaky as a basket." Yet, in such cases, the difficulties and dangers, the annoyances and discomforts, are forgotten when the missionary sees so many families destitute of religious privileges, unless he visits them. The sad condition of the children, growing up in ignorance, compels one to make desperate efforts, that they may at least have the benefit of a Sabbath-school.

Educationally, Newfoundland is sadly behind the times; the French Shore is lamentably so. It is amidst such lack of knowledge that the work of God is to be established; it is in such unprepared ground that the missionary is to sow the seed of the Word. Still, when he sees men, who once were reckless, living soberly and righteously; when he sees families that were once notorious for vice becoming zealous for the cause of Christ; when he hears the songs of Zion resounding where before the song of the drunkard prevailed; when he sees here and there a church or school-house being built, he has enough assurance that the old Gospel, preached in its simplicity, has lost none of its ancient power.

It is in the winter season that the missionary can work best among the settlers, because they are not moving about seeking for fish as in the summer, and their minds are more free from the busy toiling on the great deep. But the difficulties and dangers of travelling in boats, etc., on the sea, are exchanged for the more difficult and dangerous task of travelling—amidst snow-storms and on ice—by means of dogs and sleds, and snow-shoes. Most times a guide is needful, and at all times the work is fraught with danger: not seldom a "blizzard" will do its utmost to hinder progress. The trouble is, the storms rush along so suddenly that the traveller has not the least idea that danger is pending. At such times the danger is of being lost in the snow-drift. The safest plan is to dig a hole in the snow and lie down, or get to some thicket of woods, and house there until the storm be past.

One winter I had arranged to meet a brother missionary at a certain point upon a certain week,—the bargain was, that we should wait there until a certain day; if the other did not put in an appearance then the plan must fail. I had been delayed by bad travelling, and on the morning of the last day I was over twenty miles from the meeting-place. When a man only sees a brother minister once a year, he will make desperate efforts. I procured a fresh team of dogs and a guide; the morning was fine, the prospects propitious; we left, expecting to make a quick journey. When about six miles on the way, crossing a bleak tract of country, the snow fell fast and thick, the wind blew, and soon we were in the midst of a blinding drift. The snow was so thick that the dogs could not get along, so we

took to our snow-shoes,—the dogs walking behind. The progress was slow, and the short winter day closed on us. The night was dark, the storm increased, and we were fatigued. When we thought we were but two miles from our journey's end, we discovered we were astray. We trudged on, between hope and despair. To our joy we got into a place where there were signs of a path. We followed that as best we could, sometimes getting on our hands and knees to feel for the hard snow in the path. We concluded all was safe, so the guide went ahead and I got on the sled, tired and jaded out. All of a sudden I lost sight of my guide, but thought it was owing to the darkness and snow-drift; then the first dog of the team disappeared, and in a second I found out the mistake, because I, on the sled, followed suit, and down we went to the bottom of a steep declivity some thirty feet, nearly perpendicular; the light snow underneath saving us from any great harm. We were terrified at the plight we were in, and scarce knew which way to turn or how to steer. At last we picked up our gear as best we could, fixed the dogs in their harness, and determined to reconnoitre. To our joy the drifting ceased for about two minutes; we saw the light of a window, and steered for it; the distance was short, and to our surprise it was the very house we had longed to see for hours before. There was the brother waiting; we enjoyed his company, and spent a few days recovering from the effects of the hard journey and sudden down-fall. Such escapades serve to make travellers cautious; but, notwithstanding our care, the treacherous snow-storm often bids defiance to all our ingenuity.

There are many influences that militate against the work of the missionary. The French, who come for the summer months to fish on the shore, disregard the Sabbath entirely, and in many places British settlers follow their bad example: also, the French bring a large quantity of wines and brandy—the settlers get into the drinking habits of these Frenchmen, so that there is more drunkenness than would be expected. The Frenchmen who are brought out to the French Shore are, as a rule, a degraded class of men, and their influence upon the settlers clearly illustrates the truth that "evil communications corrupt good manners." The traders who frequent the French Shore do their utmost to foster the evil habits existing there; they bring grog, which they sell in abundance. Much poverty and suffering

have arisen in that way. Then, pernicious books and unwholesome literature are brought there by these traders and others. These and various other corrupt influences have done much to degrade the people, and make immorality a familiar thing. It is comforting to know that the work of God has done much to check—and in some places exterminate—much of the evil that has prevailed. The anomalous position of the French Shore has permitted lawlessness to reign triumphant—there being no officer of the law along a coast over six hundred miles in extent. Such a state of things, in many places yet untouched, demands the attention of those who have it in their power to send the leaven of Christianity to purify society.

Before leaving the subject, I would speak of the large section of the French Shore awaiting and greatly needing a Methodist missionary—I mean White Bay. In a few places there are some Methodists who meet to worship God and seek the Saviour. I was driven in a schooner, by the ice, one spring, with a brother missionary, to seek shelter on an island at the mouth of White Bay. We found that during the winter, in their isolation, a good brother gathered the people to worship; the Holy Spirit owned their efforts, and nearly every one was converted there. At another place the work of God revived in the same way. I was assured that I would find that in an adjoining settlement a man had started divine service, but oftentimes a pack of cards and some grog would be on the table, or close at hand, awaiting the close of the service, when the game and drink would be renewed. Such a case, and others, serve to show how much the people need Christian teaching. Last summer the Chairman of the Bonavista District visited White Bay. His experience corroborates what other brethren have felt to be the need of this, one of the largest bays in Newfoundland. Even in this neglected portion of the field, results have been reaped that would speak well for other places where more trouble and money is being spent.

In closing my remarks, I regret that I cannot dwell upon the work of God in other parts of the French Shore, and thus speak of the indefatigable labours of others, and of the most thrilling scenes in the annals of missionary labours.

Trinity Bay, Newfoundland.

THE WATER STREET MISSION, NEW YORK.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

THE old Five Points region I had known well, and the changes wrought by the various missions; but this was all unknown country. Hardly a stone's throw from the Harper's great establishment in Franklin Square, we turned down Dover Street. On one side, the towering pier of the East River bridge; on the other, a row of tenement houses, two or three with gabled roofs, the last remnant of the old time when quiet Dutch burghers made their homes there, and all swarming with children—dirty, unkempt, foul of speech. A turn to the right, and still under the shadow of the great pier; a long line of houses, some low and leaning, with bulging roofs and broken windows above; but below, on either side, dens of infamy, opening at the back into rat or cock-pits. And for blocks around, far up Cherry Street to the police station-house, and out into a region of dark alleys festering with filth, and narrow streets alive with masses of people, spread the influence of these foul lives. In men and women both, as we passed on, only the wild animal seemed left; brutal, lowering faces, stamped with every sign of violence, and oaths and horrible words the current speech. Every other house was a "bucket-shop"—a saloon where only the cheapest liquor is sold, and the light from which showed sanded floors and the roughest of bars, waiting the evening custom. In the midst of these surroundings rose a plain brick building, the walk before it carefully kept, and the outer door closing with a spring lock, which, when opened, rang a bell as warning to the janitor that visitors were below. A policeman stood on the step to order off the children and boys, who had often sought to break up the meeting, not only by singing and shouting, but by throwing stones and breaking windows. Within was the simplest and plainest of chapels, holding some four hundred men, very few women forming part of the congregation, either then or at any time. A raised platform with small reading-desk, and cabinet organ, and half a dozen benches for visitors, were at the upper end; and here we seated ourselves, facing the audience, and

looked about. Below the desk, and just in front of an empty bench, stood an arm-chair, unoccupied at present. The walls were hung with various Scripture texts, and on each side, in heavy, black letters, were two framed cards: "Speakers strictly limited to one minute."

"Where are your ruffians?" I whispered to my companion. "These are all respectable men."

"Wait and you will find out," was the answer; and at this moment, through a door leading from the platform, entered a pair who smiled and nodded in every direction, stopping as hands were stretched out for a greeting, but passing to their places—he to the vacant arm-chair, she to a seat at the organ. The favourite Moody and Sankey hymns were on every bench, and at once, "Number Four" being called, singing began with an intensity and heartiness I was not prepared to expect. For a few minutes this went on; then as the hands of the clock indicated half-past seven, a tall man, an Irishman, as I soon discovered, came up to the desk and said quietly: "Let us pray." All knelt, and the prayer went on; no rant, no shouting, but an earnestness of appeal that that night might see many wandering souls brought in, and made to know that the Father's house was waiting for them:

"O, dear Jesus, you picked us up out of the gutter and made us clane and dacent. Come again and save more. I was the manest of sinners down in the mud, and if I could be saved, anybody can. Let them all know it and believe it, and come straight to you."

The man's rough voice broke, and for a moment he was silent, unable to speak. Then he rose, and after another hymn read the story of blind Bartimeus, with a depth of reverential feeling that destroyed all temptation to smile at accent or new methods of pronunciation, expounding after a fashion of his own, and ending with a climax, grotesque, yet full of power:

"An' so ye see that the Lord was willin' to give His time and His mind to any one that would be askin' ayther. I tell ye, my dear friends, there's nothin' like it. Joshua commanded the sun an' moon to stand still, an' sure 'twas for his own interest he did it; but Jesus Christ Himself stood still an' spoke to a blind beggar! You'll never get ahead o' that!"

As he spoke men crept in, one by one, two of them hatless,

one without shoes or coat, and with matted hair and dirty face, seeming to have come straight from the gutter. All eyes were fixed on the speaker, while the occupant of the arm-chair looked with eager interest at each new arrival. In spite of careful neat dress the face and head of the chairman were so repellant in form and outline that after one look I whispered again :

"It is useless to say that Jerry McAuley is an honest man. He cannot be. He was born to be bad. How can he help it, with that type of head?"

"Wait," answered my friend once more. And as I waited I looked and affirmed again that Nature had not lied, and that this retreating forehead, small and deep-set eyes, heavy, projecting nose and wide mouth, indicated nothing but the bully and the ruffian. The tall, firmly-knit frame, long arms and great hands showed immense brute strength, and the keen and quiet observation appeared that of some powerful animal speculating on some possible danger, and ready to annihilate an enemy. The strongest face in the room was this—a man who, as a Fourth Ward rough, must have been incredibly reckless, fierce, brutal. This sweet, motherly looking woman at the organ could have no connection with him. Her face and figure were full of strength and helpfulness, and her deep gray eyes were wide with feeling. Another hymn, and then McAuley rose and in a quiet voice said :

"The meetin' is open for experience. Don't be forgettin' and lettin' yourselves run over your minute. There's much can be said in a minute, and all of you have time to tell what Jesus has done for your souls. Tell it out, too, and don't be afraid. There's not a man here has a worse tale of himself than me, an' to-night I can say as I've said for eleven years, that I'm saved from bein' a thief, and a drunkard, and a gambler, and everything that's vile. Look at me; I'm clean and respectable, and a happy man; and yet I've been down in the gutter deeper 'n any poor fellow in here to-night, and no clothes but an old red shirt, s'iled with dirt, and a hat like you'd taken it out of an old tar pot. I've hung round bucket shops and begged for drinks when I was so far gone my own mother would hardly 'a' come near me; an' I say to every one of you, there aint a man nor woman here so far gone but what this blessed Jesus can pick them up an' set them on their feet. The meetin' is open."

"And I tell you the same thing," said a voice from behind me, and I turned to see the organist stepping forward. "I've been

through it all, and in my very worst drunken fits—and I drank all the time—there was a power that could save me even then. I was so lost and degraded, I don't want to think of it. I couldn't speak of it, if I didn't want you to know that this dear, tender Saviour goes seeking that which is lost. He found me, and to-day all I want in the world is to make every one know His power, and have the peace and comfort I have, every hour of my life."

If Lucretia Mott had suddenly arisen, flung down her Quaker bonnet, and announced herself an inveterate drunkard, I could not have been more profoundly amazed. I studied the sweet, steady face; not a line in it bearing any meaning but that of love and cheer and helpfulness, with an even, merry expression about the lips, that smiled involuntarily at the unexpected turns of thought and speech from one and another. Experience followed fast; men and women rose and waited their turn. Thieves. drunkards, gamblers, all with the same story; and in the majority of cases, look closely as I might, bearing little or no trace of their wretched lives. Peace, absolute contentment, fairly bubbled over. Men laughed as they told of their happiness, and many ended by saying: "And I bless God I ever came into the Water Street Mission."

"Six months ago I was a drunkard." "Four month ago I came here from a three years' term in prison." "Sixteen weeks ago to-night, I came in here, so drunk I couldn't stand straight, and God saved me that night." "Eight months ago I was a wicked woman, and there's many here that knows just how wicked; and Jesus saved *me*."

So the hour went on; at any pause a verse of some favourite hymn, and through it all, the sad faces near the door lighting with interest, as something was said that touched their own case. One man arose and shuffled out, growling oaths against the "McAuley hypocrites," and a pale young man sprang up.

"Yes, that's what I said," he responded. "I came here a month, an' swore every night it was a pack o' lies, an' Jerry McAuley the biggest fraud goin'. But I found I was the liar, and I got strength here to stop my drinkin' an' my chewin' an' smokin', and save my money for my family, instead o' givin' it to gin mills. And now I've got a comfortable happy home, an' my children's got a bed for the first time in their lives, an' I'm clean inside an' out, bless His Holy name! O, why won't you all believe?"

"That was the way with me," said another equally eager. "I said the fellows here made a soft thing out of it, an' it paid 'em well to lie; but I found plenty of 'em givin' up thievin' that brought 'em plenty of money, an' goin' hungry rather than steal. I wasn't a thief, but I was a rearin' tearin' bully, knockin' round the ward here, cursin' and swearin', an' ready for any mischief, an' Jesus took hold o' me, an' here I am, saved."

"It is time now to change the meetin'," said Jerry, who had stood some moments waiting. "There are men here who work hard all day and I'm bound to let 'em out at nine o'clock. We've no time for long speeches, but I'll tell you again, what I'm never tired of tellin', and may it save some soul here to-night, that this blessed Jesus saves me. There's no sham about it. I don't tell you I was a thief and a drunkard and a fraud to glory in it, but I want you roughs to understand what Jesus has done for me. Yes! When I was such a mean, nasty wretch of a sinner, that I had n't a home or a friend, this dear blessed Jesus picked me up out of the mud, and saved me from wantin' to do such things. Who wouldn't love the name of Jesus?

"There was a time once when I'd cut a man's throat for a five dollar bill and kick him overboard. An' then there was a time when I'd plenty of money and rode behind my own fast horse, but it all came the same way. Do you suppose I'd do it now? Eh? Why not? Because I've got the grace of God in my soul. Jesus saves me and He can save any man. He says: 'He that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.' Jesus died for every poor fellow here that hasn't got any home to-night. Won't you come to Him and let Him save you? Won't you come now? O, do!

"We're goin' to have prayers now. Who'll stand up for prayers? There's one; there's two; three; there's another. The devil tells some of you not to do it. I tell you the devil ain't much of a friend. He goes round puttin' up all sorts of jobs on sinners, and he makes it pretty hot sometimes. You can't get the best of him, nohow. You've got to cry to God for help, an' keep cryin' till he gives it. He won't be long about it. 'Ask and you *shall* receive.' That's what He says.

"Every soul of us has got to have His help, great and small. Everybody needs help. Put us all in a bag and shake us up; s'pose there'd be much difference when we came out? Eh?

"You hear some people say the Bible is a sham and religion a hoax. Well, it may be to them, but its God's own power to me. Why! Look at me, friends. Eleven years ago I was a loafer and a rough. Head on me like a mop; big scar across my nose all the time. I wonder I've got a nose when I remember all the licks it got. There ain't a drunken rowdy round the corner worse lookin' than I was, nor more deservin' punishment. I cursed God! I held up my hands and cursed Him for givin' me life. Why had He put me in a hell on earth? Why had He made me a thief and a rascal, while he gave other people money and fun? And then it came across me that He hadn't done one o' these things. It was me that had brought myself to what I was! I had made myself a drunkard and a thief, and then blamed Him for it! Where was my common sense? If you want some—and who don't—ask Him for it.

"Some say: 'I'm too bad; God wouldn't give me a show.' Oh, what a mistake! God will take what the devil would almost refuse. Didn't He save the thief on the cross? I know a man that came into this place to lick another for having said, 'Jesus saves me.' Well, Jesus saved that very man himself. He came along, looking for fight, but the starch was knocked out o' him. He went away like a cur in a sack, tremblin' all over, and now he is a good man. Jesus is waitin' for every one o' you. Oh, won't you stand up to be prayed for?"

The strong yearning, the deep earnestness of his appeal found its answer. One after another came forward to the empty bench whose use I now understood. The people rose and sang:

"This loving Saviour stands patiently."

and as the refrain sounded full and clear:

"Calling now to the prodigal,
Calling now to thee;
Thou hast wandered far away,
But He's calling now to thee,"

the most hardened looking of the men burst into tears and buried his face in his arms. Mrs. McAuley left her place and kneeled by him, and as all knelt, prayed a prayer of such utter faith, such happy surety that then and there it would be answered, as my ears had never heard. I forgot to protest. Some strange invisible presence was at work; a sense of expectation was upon

me, and when McAuley spoke low, "Now let these poor souls pray for themselves," I knew some answer must come.

"Oh, Jesus," said the weeping man, "you know all about it. I'm sick of my sins. I want to be decent. You can help me. Don't let me get into the mud again."

"I can't pray," said the next one. "I'm too bad. I'm afraid to."

"You can't be too bad," said McAuley's earnest voice. "Just say, God be merciful to me a sinner!" and once more the publican's prayer went up from sinful lips. I had seen the excitement of camp-meetings in years gone by, but here was a hush, a power deeper than anything I had ever known. One by one trembling voices made their first petition—seven men, straight from the slums; and then they took their places on the bench, and for the first time I saw McAuley's full face, as he asked one and then another, what they had resolved to do. No tenderer soul ever looked upon human pain than that which now shone in his eyes and glorified the coarse features—a look more convincing of the power at work there than years of argument could have been. A deep stillness filled the room, broken only by a murmured "Thank God!" as one after another avowed his determination to lead a new life.

"We'll pray for you. You shan't want for all the help we've got to give," said McAuley. "Keep coming, and we will do you good."

It was nine o'clock. The men rose and all sang, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Mrs. McAuley passed down to the door, and stood there to shake hands and give some word of help or greeting to every one who went out, and I stood watching the hearty way in which all were talking together, and the crowd who surrounded the new converts. In all the faces, I saw but two who seemed to me frauds, and as it afterwards proved, only one of them was really so. My friend made no comment. We talked of indifferent matters on the way home, but a day or two later I went again, this time an hour before the meeting, in order to question McAuley and his wife in person. I found the second floor of the building to be their home—a comfortable, prettily-furnished flat, exquisitely neat, and with a home-like feeling not always had in statelier places, and was greeted with a warmth and courtesy that absolved me at once from the guilt of intrusion. We talked for an hour on the origin of the work; their personal

share in it, and the effect already produced in the street—its present vileness being peace and innocence compared with its condition in 1872.

"Come again! Come often as you like!" McAuley said heartily, as he was called away. "I'll tell you anything you'd like to know, though if I talked the rest o' my life, I couldn't tell all the stories I know, nor the sights I've seen."

I did "come again," and again, at last taking my place among the "regulars," as the few are called who have stated employment and come constantly. The congregation is a floating one, a large proportion being sailors, but go far as they may, they all come back, reappearing sometimes after intervals of a year or more, each in the meantime having become a missionary on his own account. To save some other soul from wretchedness and sin, is the first demand made upon them, and in the six years' history of the work, thousands of names stand already as the fruit of a labour, through day and night, and against such obstacles as men and women in quiet, sheltered homes, can hardly conceive. Doubt fled from this atmosphere of loving helpfulness. Hope and faith entered in its place.

As months went on, every question answered itself. With my own eyes I saw men who had come into the mission sodden with drink, turn into quiet, steady workers. Now and then one fell; in one case permanently; but the prodigals commonly returned, confessing their weakness, and labouring earnestly to prove their penitence. I saw foul homes, where dirty bundles of straw had been the only bed, gradually become clean and respectable; hard faces grow patient and gentle; oaths and foul words give place to quiet speech.

"I shall be here till the Lord has used me enough," said Jerry McAuley, "and then, oh, won't rest be sweet to this tired body! I can't sing much; one lung is all gone; my voice breaks all the time, and when I have to stop workin', may I go quickly to the Master that's waitin' for me! But one thing I pray for day an' night, an' sure I believe it'll be granted, too—that there'll be one to take my place, an' do better for 'em all than ever I've had the sense to do. For forty heads plannin' and forty hearts achin' at once for the sorrow of it all, ain't a beginnin' of what's needed, an' so its lucky the Lord's got it all in charge, an' no need to fret."

THE SABBATH QUESTION.

BY THE REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

THERE is nothing, perhaps, of which Canadians have more reason to be proud than of their quiet, orderly Sabbath. There is nothing that has more favourably impressed strangers, temporarily sojourning among us than this. And those of our own countrymen who have been abroad need not to be told what a contrast it forms to the Sunday of most other lands. Indeed, it may be doubted whether in any other country the prevalent views respecting the Sabbath are more rationally and Scripturally correct than in Canada. With us it is indeed the "pearl of days," as free from puritanic and Judaic rigour, on the one hand, as it is from anti-Christian laxity on the other. While it is fully recognized as of Divine obligation, it is invested with none of those superstitious attributes which, in a less enlightened age, have in some instances, converted what was intended to be a feast into a fast, and what was designed to be a rest and a delight into a burden which neither we nor our fathers were able to bear.

In all the Churches of this country, so far as we are aware, the fact is distinctly recognized that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath; but instead of causing us to think more lightly of it, this fact heightens our apprehension of its sacredness and endears it all the more to our hearts. It does indeed relax the rigour of the Sabbatic law to this extent, that it subordinates its observance to the claims of humanity, and does not release us from the obligation to do good on the Sabbath-day. It provides for the performance of works, both of necessity and of mercy on the Lord's Day; but it neither creates, nor countenances, the right to subordinate the higher interests which are spiritual and eternal to those which are material and temporal. It does indeed allow us to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to visit and minister to those who are in affliction; in a word, it authorizes us to do anything, in urgent cases, by which the pressing necessities of humanity can be met and its sufferings relieved; but even this, according to our reading of the law, is only allowable when it can be better done on Sunday than on either Saturday night or Monday morning.

These being the views generally held by the Churches of this country, it is not surprising that the running of steamboats and railway trains, the dispatching of mails, and Sunday labour of all kinds in public institutions should be an offence and a pain to the ministers and members of those Churches. They see no reason or propriety in such things. They have neither the plea of mercy nor of necessity to justify them. As a rule they are wanton and flagrant violations of the sanctity of the Lord's Day, the sole motive of which is to make money. No one probably would seriously object to a passenger train that had been accidently delayed on the Saturday night proceeding to its place of destination on the Sabbath, or a train laden with dumb animals needing refreshment moving on to a proper feeding place; and something even might be said in favour of the movement on Sunday of perishable goods, liable to serious deterioration and loss by delay. And had our railways confined their Sunday labour within these Sunday limits, it is probable they would have experienced no serious opposition. But when the example of American railways, and the difficulty of competing with them in money-making, are pleaded as an excuse, or justification, for the dispatch of through passenger-trains on Sunday, and when the freight-trains in motion on that day have become so numerous—as is alleged to be the case at present—that people living along the lines of these great public highways can see little difference between it and the other days of the week, in the amount of traffic that is carried on, surely it is time for the Churches to make their influence felt for the double purpose of securing a more stringent enforcement of the law, and of getting such additional legislation as may be required in order to effectually preserve this sacred institution from wholesale desecration.

Of course, all that has been said of railroads is equally applicable to steamboats. Indeed the business of Sabbath excursions, carried by some of the boats, is even more demoralizing than the running of through trains. The running of these trains tends simply to secularize the Sabbath, while the excursions turn it into a day of dissipation. And that either steamboats or railroads plying their business on the Lord's Day, in defiance of the opinions and feelings of the best part of the community, and in contempt to the authority of God, should have received from the Dominion Government such a measure of authorization as is im-

plied in their being commissioned to carry Her Majesty's mail, is, we are persuaded, to thousands of the best people in this country matter of deep regret. We know nothing of the representations which were made to the Postmaster-General, by which he was induced to dispatch a mail by the Grand Trunk from this city every Sabbath evening, thereby not only creating the necessity for a large amount of Sunday labour in the post-office, but—worst of all—giving the highest authority in the land to the running of a train which is felt to be an insult to the Christian public, whose sentiment is outraged by it, but, however great the pressure which was brought to bear upon him, his yielding was a mistake; and we only express the sentiment of the bulk of the Christian people of Canada when we express the hope that he may see his way to cancel an arrangement which, upon maturer reflection, neither his own judgment nor that of his colleagues will approve.

The Christian sentiment of the country is already pretty well aroused in respect to this matter. Comparatively little has been said, but ample preparation has been made for an effective agitation should it be found necessary. The chief Church courts of nearly, if not quite all the Churches of the country, have had the subject under consideration, and, so far as we are aware, they are a unit in their determination to guard the sanctity of the Lord's Day. They have not only passed resolutions condemnatory of the desecration of it in the forms adverted to, but they have severally appointed committees which will probably meet in joint session at an early day for the purpose of securing united action upon the part of the Christian public of the country. This is one of these questions upon which all can unite, irrespective of differences of creed, and when the united Christianity of Canada makes its voice heard and its influence felt, there is no reason to doubt what the result will be. Our quiet and orderly Sabbath, which we prize so highly, and which has been to us the source of so much blessing, will be preserved in its integrity, and handed down unmarred to those who come after us.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

Conditions of Successful Prayer.

The desire that simply flits across the soul, as the shadow of the clouds glides over the summer grass, is no true prayer. It must take hold of the spirit, and gather into itself all the energy and earnestness of the suppliant. The popular idea, indeed, is that prayer is a very simple matter; but, in reality, it is the highest exercise of the soul, and requires for its presentation the concentration of all its powers. The English prelate was right when he said, that "no man was likely to do much good in prayer who did not begin by looking upon it in the light of a work to be prepared for, and persevered in, with all the earnestness which we bring to bear upon subjects which are, in our opinion, at once most interesting and most necessary." So much as this must be evident from the phraseology of the Scriptures themselves. Observe the gradation in the terms, "asking," "seeking," "knocking." The "asking" is the lower form of requesting; but the "seeking" implies the activity of one who puts himself to the labour of a search; and the "knocking" refers to the continued importunity that repeats its application, until it is satisfied that there is no one in, or until the door is actually opened. Here, too, come in those parables spoken by the Lord, to the end that men ought always to pray and not to faint. The true suppliant is importunate. Like Jacob, he wrestles with the angel, if need be, until the dawning of the day; or like the Syro-Phœnician woman, he renews his entreaties in the face of seeming rebuff; and, from an apparent refusal, draws a plea which in the end prevails. No mere sluggard's formalism, therefore, will suffice. That is not prayer. That is but the husk of appearance. The true suppliant will "continue instant in prayer;" and, when he is over, the exhaustion of his spirit will convince him that he has been labouring indeed. "Believe me," said Coleridge to his nephew two years before his death, "to pray with all your heart and strength, with the reason and the will, to believe vividly that God will listen to your voice through Christ, and verily do the thing that pleaseth Him at last, this is the last, and greatest achievement of the Christian's warfare on earth. Teach us to pray, Lord."—*Dr. William M. Taylor.*

Worldly Conformity.

Entire congregations are sometimes conformed to the world in their atmosphere and methods. Their very deportment on entering the house of God, the manner in which they conduct themselves during the services, the indefinable but unmistakable chill that pervades a congregation where there is somewhat of the form but nothing of the power of godliness, tell the story of conformity to the world. It is the drawing-room in the house of God. It is respectability as a substitute for zeal and love. Such a congregation is crucifixion to a right-minded pastor. If he yields in any measure to its worldly influence, he feels that he is sinking to the same level, and he loses his fire in the pulpit. If he resists the downward tendency, and antagonizes the worldly conformity that pains his heart and is destroying his people, he may expect harsh criticism and opposition. Worldliness antagonizes whosoever and whatsoever antagonizes it, in the Church or out of it. You must go with it, or it will go against you. Nothing but the power of God, acting through the most faithful human instrumentality can turn back the tide of worldliness when it thus takes in its sweep a whole body of Church members. The heroism that attacks this worldly conformity, when it is fortified by long indulgence, by numbers, by respectability and wealth, is equal to that demanded in any field of service to which God can call a truly consecrated man. The wisdom of the serpent, the harmlessness of the dove, are needed for this work now. The courage that can withstand friends as well as enemies, the courage that is ready to take popularity for principle is also demanded.—*Nashville Christian Advocate.*

The Will of God.

Whenever I meet with the will of God, I feel that I meet with God; whenever I respect and love the will of God, I feel that I respect and love God; whenever I unite with the will of God, I feel that I unite with God; so that practically and religiously, although I am aware that a difference can be made philosophically, God and the will of God are to me the same. He who is in perfect harmony with the *will* of God, is as much in harmony with God himself as it is possible for any being to be. The very name of God fills me with joy.—*Madame Guyon.*

The Prayer of Faith.

St. Augustine had an impulsive nature, which in his youth led him into all manner of excesses. But his mother, a Christian woman, ceased not to pray daily in his behalf. He had longed to visit Italy, but Monica earnestly besought God to interpose by some providence, and by preventing his departure save her son from the exposure which would inevitably come from a residence in corrupt Rome. The intercessions of the noble mother seemed to be disregarded. Augustine, so long the cause of anxiety on account of his wayward life, was permitted by an overruling providence to visit Milan. The sequel, however, was an answer to his mother's prayer. In Milan he found Christ. In his "Confessions," Augustine says, "Thou didst deny her what she prayed for then, that thou mightest grant what she prayed for always."

Through all our Christian life, God would teach us that the method of answering our petitions is absolutely His own; that his method is conceived in the highest wisdom, and that the fitful interruptions of our personal choice might work out our greatest evil. Thus very often the denial of our will proves an immeasurable blessing in the end. In this respect prayer becomes a real test of our submission to Him. O, happy shall it be, if, when we are thrown back upon the divine will, and upon that alone, we still wait upon Him in child-like trust. The delayed answer may try us; but God has a benign purpose in the delay, which infinite love dictates, and which is deeper than man's reason. The way He chooses to answer may oppose in every particular our private judgment; but this is only that supreme good may be realized by us in the most effectual manner. How assuring is this scriptural view of prayer, "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt," given in the closing period of Christ's life.

To indulge anger, is to admit Satan as a guest; but to indulge malice, is to close the door upon him as an inmate; in the one he finds a transient lodging; in the other a permanent home.

Christ took your nature, and came into your place, to justify you; he took possession of your heart, to sanctify you; he advocates your cause before God the father, to comfort you; he reigns on the throne, to command you; he will come again to judge you.

Love as an Agent.

The force of love is greater than that of sternness. Antagonism creates antagonism. If you attempt to drag me by force it is my nature to resist you, and I will pull against you with all my might; but if you try to attract me by kindness, it is equally in my nature to yield to its influence, and I will follow you of my own free will. What the hammer will not weld together without fiery heat and prolonged labour, the magnet will bring together in a moment. So, in dealing with men, the mightiest influence is love. If the pastor is "under the juniper tree," and bewailing his want of success, wondering why inquirers rarely come to him, and crying, like Isaiah, "Who hath believed our report?" let him examine and see whether he has not been attempting to move men by sternness rather than by love. Let him ask himself if he has not been dealing in side subjects, away from the great centre, and forgetting the attraction that is always in the cross. Let him inquire whether he has given due prominence in his discourses to the love of God, and whether he has not been going about among his people cold and stern and repulsive, rather than tender, loving, and winsome in his gentleness. I say the same thing to the Sunday-school teacher, who is sad at heart because he seems to see his scholars indifferent, or even perhaps antagonistic, to all his appeals. Have you tried them, my brother, with the still small voice of Gospel love? Perhaps you have been dealing too exclusively in the whirlwind, the earthquake, and the fire. Need I add that the same principle applies to parents in the training of their children in the nurture and the admonition of the Lord. You say you have tried everything with your sons and daughters; let me ask you if you have tried gentleness, and let me beseech you to make the experiment of that.—*The Rev. Dr. W. M. Taylor.*

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of, wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep, and goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If knowing God they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves, and those who call them friends,
For so the whole round earth is every way,
Bound by golden chains, about the feet of God.

—*Tennyson.*

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

Methodist Union.

Before another issue of this Magazine this important movement shall have entered upon its final stage. Its rapid progress has been a surprise to even its most sanguine friends. The man who a year ago would have predicted that within twelve months a basis could have been found which would be accepted by so large a majority of both the ministry and laity of all the Churches concerned would have been thought very enthusiastic if not visionary. But this is only another manifestation of the tendency of the age towards integration and consolidation. Instead of the number of sects and divisions of the Christian Church multiplying as they have in the past, we believe that they will be greatly reduced. Already the Methodists in New Zealand are moving in the direction of the fusion into one of the various branches of the Methodist family in that land. We believe that the same result will follow in Australia. At the late meeting of the Primitive Methodist Conference in England, which gave its cordial assent to the recent action of the Conference in Canada, a resolution was introduced "for the better utilization of Methodist agencies by mutual concessions and arrangements in Great Britain." It is no small honour to Canadian Methodism to have led the van, nine years ago, in this movement; and now to carry it on in a still more comprehensive scale.

We have confidence that in the consummation of this union due regard will be had to the rights and interests of every individual in each of the uniting Churches. We shall meet in the spirit of Christian brotherhood, and endeavour to adjust as equitably as possible the multifarious interests involved. The present writer, at the last General Conference, thought it desirable, and we think so still, that a special fund should be raised to meet any temporary financial difficulty that may be felt as a result of union. The United Church will have a membership of over 160,000, not counting the increase of the last year, and three-quarters of a million of adherents. To raise a special fund of $100,000, to prevent there being even for a single year the falling off of a single dollar in the income of the superannuates and of the ministers on missions or dependent circuits, would be, we judge, a comparatively easy task. We owe it to the brethren on whom the financial pressure would fall—if there should be any financial pressure—that these burdens should be equitably distributed over the whole Church. Of the $100,000 which might be thus raised we anticipate that a considerable amount, after meeting all just claims, would remain over to be devoted to Church extension and mission work in the North-West.

That work will furnish ample opportunity for the energy and liberality of the United Church for years to come. There are enterprises of great pith and moment that in the near future the Church must undertake. At the rate of progress of the last decade, the Methodists of the Dominion in the year 1900 will number a million and a half, and twenty years later nearly three millions out of a population of about eleven millions, estimated at the ratio of increase of the last decade.* But the population of the Dominion,

* Dr. Abel Stevens in the July number of the *Methodist Quarterly*, estimates that in seventy years the population of the United States will equal that of the whole of Europe; in eighty years, 70,000,000 more than all Europe; and, that in 300 years it will equal the present population of the globe, or 1,500,000,000—and this at half the present rate of increase. Dr. Clarke, in the same Review, claims that in twenty years Methodism will be the prevalent Protestant form of religion in the world.

with the vast influx of immigration to the North-West, is sure to increase much more rapidly than during the last decade ; and we may assume that the Methodist population will, at least, keep pace with its past rate of increase. The grandest possibilities as a Church lie before. Let us only at the command of God's providence go up and possess the land, for we be well able.

The Methodist Pastorate—Extension of Time Limit.

This subject is attracting a good deal of attention in the United States, and is being discussed with much animation in the Church organs. Our General Conference in pronouncing against the extension of time shows the feeling in our own Church on the subject. The strongest argument against it that we note is, that it tends to destroy the homogeneity of the ministry, to divide it into classes of five-year men and three-year men, and thus to weaken the bond of equality and brotherhood. The extension is only called for, we think, to meet certain exceptional cases in large cities. Throughout the main body of the work the three-years' pastorate is found to work admirably. The best presentation of the advantages of the present system that the present writer ever heard was a sermon by Dr. Jeffers at the Peterboro' Conference seven years ago. We dined that day with a Presbyterian gentleman who had strong prejudices against our itinerancy. But the irrefutable arguments of the sermon quite convinced him of its advantages. We wish that Dr. Jeffers would favour the readers of the Magazine with a presentation of his views on this subject. He is under a pledge to furnish us an article. We would be glad if he would select this theme.

The Drum Ecclesiastic.

We do not like to speak evil of dignitaries, but we cannot help entertaining the opinion that the magistrate, or whatever functionary he was, who fined and imprisoned the "Captain" of the Salvation Army in London for the use of the drumsticks in an ecclesiastical sense has been enacting the *role* of Dogberry. The "spirit-stirring drum" is not, it is true, a very musical instrument ; but we do not see that it is any more obnoxious when marking time for the marching of the "Army," than when playing the bass of "The Protestant Boys," or rub-a-dubbing in the interest of a cork-blackened minstrel troupe. Let us have fair play, Mr. Magistrate, and either suppress all drum music in the streets, or elsewhere, if found indictable as a nuisance, or let the Salvation Army have the same rights and privileges that are accorded to others in this respect.

We are glad to be able to announce thus early two factors of special interest in the make-up of this Magazine during the next year. Through the courtesy of Lady Brassey, whose charming writings are known to many of our readers, we have secured electrotypes of the whole of the illustrations—a hundred and twenty in number—of her very successful book, describing her voyage around the world in the Yacht *Sunbeam*, and also permission to reprint to as full an extent as our space will allow that very popular and interesting narrative. This is an entirely different book from the "Sunshine and Storm in the East" on which we based a couple of articles two years ago. It describes travel among the Canaries and Cape Verde Islands, in South America and through the Straits of Magellan, among the Society and Sandwich Islands, in Japan, China, the Malay Peninsula and Ceylon, and in the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. The illustrations are very elegant, and the narrative will run through the year.

We have also on hand the MS. of a graphic story of life in Newfoundland entitled "How Methodism came to Foxes." Foxes is a fishing village on the Atlantic Coast. The author is a Methodist missionary. The story abounds in stirring inci-

dents by flood and field and blends deep pathos and rich humour with intense religious earnestness. It will be a striking feature of the new volume, and will run through a good part of the year. Other features of much interest are being prepared—among them papers on the old Cathedrals of England, on the Great Yellowstone Park, in the Far West, and many others to be duly announced.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

Eastern Conferences.

The Conference in Nova Scotia met before the Toronto Conference adjourned. The Basis of Union was only accepted by a majority of three. This Conference is to be congratulated in that the son of one of its ministers, the Rev. Dr. Richey, has been appointed Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia. The Centennial Fund of the Conference has reached $3,800. The Memorial Hall in honour of the Rev. Wm. Black, the founder of Methodism in Nova Scotia, will be a noble monument to perpetuate the memory of that worthy man to whom the Maritime Provinces are so much indebted.

The New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference met at St. Stephen's and declared in favour of union by a majority of twelve. There had only been one death in this Conference, the Rev. H. McKeown, who died in the 30th year of his ministry. There are several vacancies to be filled both in this Conference and those of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. The latter Conference also accepted the Basis of Union, by a majority of twenty-three votes. Taking the six Conferences together the majority of the ministerial vote in favour of union is 140, while the vote of the laity has been very largely in favour, almost overwhelming.

Irish Methodist Conference.

This Conference was held in Dublin, in June. The Rev. Charles Garrett, President of the British Conference, occupied the chair. The Rev. W. Butler, D.D., was present, as he was on his way to India, and delivered a thrilling lecture respecting the introduction of Methodism to Mexico. The societies are subject to great fluctuation through emigration and the frequent unsettledness of the country. Five young ministers were ordained, and seventeen candidates were admitted on trial, seven of whom were retained on the list of Reserve.

The Rev. Dr. Ker, whose visit to Canada will be remembered, made a report of his sojourn in America, during which he had travelled 24,000 miles and had only spent $265, but he had been presented with tickets amounting in value to $790. He had been delighted with America, in almost every part of which he had found Methodists from Ireland. The net receipts of money which he had collected for Connexional purposes in Ireland amounted to $13,400.

The Conference has a flourishing Band of Hope Union organized, in which 25,000 children are enrolled.

President Garrett, who has long been one of the foremost temperance men in England, received an ovation from the Irish Temperance League, which was attended by ministers and members of all denominations—which must have been exceedingly gratifying to Mr. Garrett.

The Methodist New Connexion Conference was held in Sheffield which is a famous Methodist town. This earliest offshoot from the parent body is not strong numerically, but

its funds are maintained in a munificent manner, and vigorous efforts are made for extension, both at Home and in Australia and China. The mission in the latter has been one of the most successful in the Empire. To the Extension Fund $50,000 had been contributed during the past year. The Book-Room reported net profits to be $1,400. Dr. Ward acts in the joint capacity of Editor and Book-Steward.

Dr. Ward had visited Australia during the year, and on presenting a report of his visit some were in favour of relinquishing the mission, but he recommended its continuance and the Conference appointed additional ministers to proceed thither. A second Medical Missionary was also appointed to China.

The Conference is on terms of great cordiality with the other branches of Methodism and indeed with all evangelical denominations. Several fraternal letters were received, to which answers were sent by the Conference.

Wesleyan Methodist.

A great revival has taken place at Portsmouth, England, in connection with the services led by the Rev. Thos. Cook, District Missionary. Those who never entered God's house, as well as the unsaved frequenters of it, were awakened and saved. A public-house and music-hall keeper, with his wife, found Christ. Within a week they had left the house, and both were in the class meeting, happy in the love of God. Drunkards, wrestling with their foe as in a death struggle, on their knees before God gave up drink and sought the Saviour. The child of eight and the old man of seventy-seven were kneeling at the Cross near each other. To use the expression of a sailor of the Royal Navy, "Hundreds wept their way to Calvary."

In the Cathedral City of Rouen, the Wesleyans have rented a house in the principal street, near the Cathedral, and have an earnest young minister and a zealous evangelist at work. They only need the necessary funds to make their work at Rouen a real success.

The income of the Foreign Missionary Society has been equal to the outlay, but this has only been secured by the most rigid economy, and if all the claims from abroad had been responded to, $100,000 more would have been required.

The demands from Australia for ministers continue to be very pressing. Last year twelve young men were sent from England who had completed their studies at the Theological Institutions, and now the Conference in New South Wales is calling for thirteen more volunteers from the Parent Society. England can raise more men for the ministry than she can employ: it is well that there are colonies which can find fields of labour for the surplus.

It is believed that the increase of the membership in English Methodism will be considerable. The Primitive Methodists have a net increase of 4,500.

The Primitive Methodist Conference was held at South Shields. The denomination has always been characterized by a deep spirit of earnestness and has been prominent in evangelical labours. The net increase of members is 5,151, and of Sabbath-school scholars 6,350; 28,291 scholars are reported meeting in class. Five ministers had died during the year; twenty-eight had finished their probation and were received into full connection. Pressing appeals were made for young ministers to offer themselves for Mission work in the Colonies of the Southern world. The Conference looks well after the youth, and Sunday-school work, in connection with which a vigorous Band of Hope has been organized. A year ago both the Theological Institutions were closed. It was resolved at the late Conference that the one in Sunderland should be sold, and the one in Manchester should be re-opened with ten students.

The net profits of the Book-Room was nearly $20,000, most of which was given to the Superannuated Ministers' Fund.

ITEMS.

The Indian population of the United States aggregates 262,000, and is increasing about 1,000 a-year.

The English Wesleyan Church shows a total of 407,068 members, indicating a net gain for the year just closed of 13,314.

The Thanksgiving Fund has received $1,455,605 of $1,519,115 subscribed. Truly a noble thank-offering.

Bishop Hargrave, of the Methodist Episcopal Church goes to China during the year to organize a regular Conference in that field. Three missionaries will also be sent out.

Bishop Whipple, on a recent visit to the Indian Department of his missionary diocese, administered the communion to 247 Chippewa Indians. Fifteen years ago there was scarcely one communicant among them. Now there are eight churches in the Chippewa mission, and one now building which will cost $10,000.

The weekly paper published at Lucknow, India, states that there has been an increase in the Sunday-schools of the North India Methodist Mission during the past year of 2,280 scholars. The total attendance reported for 1882 was 15,399. The same paper claims that one-fifth of the Sunday-school scholars in India, Burmah, and Ceylon, are connected with this one mission.

An exchange says, "A lady ninety years old was baptized and received into membership by the Metropolitan Church, Washington, D. C., at its recent communion. On the same occasion the Church welcomed a little girl of twelve. It was an affecting sight to see these meet and stand together before the pulpit and profess their faith.

The *Indian Witness* brings cheering news of revivals at various points in the North and South India Conferences. At Lahore, Rangoon, and Allahabad, and throughout Bombay and Madras Districts tokens of blessing have been received, and a general expectation of a year of revival seems to be entertained.

The Methodist Episcopal Church South Missionary Society has during the past year sent four missionaries to China, one to Mexico, and three to Brazil. The receipts for missions exceed $153,000, the largest since the war.

Intelligence of revivals abroad comes from various sources. In Natal, a native church is supporting a Hindostain catechist. Four schools have been opened, to be followed by a fifth. A special service of five weeks had been held at Pietermaritzberg, which resulted in the conversion of over ninety Europeans, and several coloured people, making in all, at least, 150 persons. This is gratifying news which proves that the old Gospel, as preached by Methodist ministers, both at home and abroad, is still the power of God unto salvation.

The Rev. Thos. Craven, in North India, says, there are 104 newspapers in that country sent forth to antagonize the Christian religion, and a Hindoo prince also distributes 2,000,000 tracts defending the name of a heathen god; yet, he says, there were five times as many persons converted to Christianity last year as in 1863, showing that paganism is being overthrown and Christianity spreading.

The Japanese are being trained to self-support. At Yokahamma the members of the church paid one half of the minister's salary. At Sappora the church has been self-supporting from the beginning, and is displaying a noble spirit in regard to financial independence. Some of the native labourers are quite self-sacrificing. At Hakodati two exhorters have done almost as much preaching as the regular helper, and yet have received no pay for their work, and have plainly declared that they have not desired wages for this service.

Another missionary tells of a tour which he had made in the country, embracing the provinces of Satsuma and Higo, and everywhere found the people ready to hear the Gospel. At one place the people were so anxious to learn Christianity that they promised a class of 20 if a

pastor could be found for them. There are openings for at least four native pastors. The fields of Japan are white unto harvest.

We are glad to learn that there is to be a Union Camp-meeting of the different bodies of Methodists in the neighbourhood of Toronto. It is to be held, we are informed, in the beautiful grove near the Grand Trunk railway near the Scarboro' Junction, beginning September 14th. By that time these different bodies will probably be one body, so that in an emphatic sense it will be a union meeting. May the presence of the Master of Assemblies be felt and the zeal of the Divine approval be given to the movement for Methodist unification.

Mission work in the Society islands has proved a pioneer for commerce, and the missionary cruising vessels are a better safeguard for human life than all the ships of war. A recent reporter of the English Parliament declared that in every place which he had visited that was under the influence of the missionaries the natives were quiet, peaceable, and inclined to friendly trade and intercourse.

The people in the Gilbert Islands have gathered together all their weapons of war and burned them. They have also passed stringent prohibitory laws, making illegal all traffic in intoxicating liquors. The sanctity of the Sabbath is also enforced by imposing heavy fines for games or labour on that day.

Protestantism is making rapid progress in Spain. There are now congregations in nearly all the principal towns with an estimated attendance of 10,000. Over 5,000 children attend the Protestant schools.

Sixty-five years ago Christian work was begun in Turkey, with its population of 55,000,000. Now there are twenty-two Protestant churches in that country, and 252 common schools.

In 1845 the English and American missionaries in China assembled in Hong Kong, and numbered twelve. In Hong Kong they had six converts. At the present time there are in China 240 Protestant missionaries ninety principal missionary stations, 500 out-stations, and some 12,000 or 14,000 Chinese communicants.

The Waldensian Church has now 100 agents in evangelizing Italy—not foreigners, but Italians by birth; by civil rights and privileges, they constitute a native agency. The Gospel is preached by them in forty-seven towns and villages. The number who attend public worship under them is about 4,000, and of these 2,414 are communicants, the majority of whom have come out of the Church of Rome.

A wealthy Englishman has given $5,000 to the Church Missionary Society with a request that it be spent in Afghanistan. He believes that the policy of England towards the Afghans is likely to lead to the Christian religion being despised in the country, and he is anxious that missionaries should be sent to preach the Gospel of the Prince of Peace.

Those who give not till they die, show that they would not then if they could keep longer.

In a few days after the present issue the new Conference will meet in Winnipeg for Manitoba and the North-West. Recently the Wesleyan Conference in South Africa held its first session in Cape Town, and it is expected that, at the approaching English Conference, a new Conference will be organized in the West Indies.

The Death Roll.

The Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada has lost a young minister of great promise, the Rev. F. W. Watts. He died of typhoid fever in Oshawa. He was the son of a minister who still lives to mourn his sudden and unexpected removal.

The Rev. Joseph L. A. Maher, a missionary among the French habitants of Quebec finished his course and was called home to his reward. He had only been a few years in the service of the Society. He is removed from a class of work where labourers are greatly needed.

BOOK NOTICES.

"*The Story of My Life.*" By the late EGERTON RYERSON, D.D., LL.D. Being Reminiscences of Sixty Years' Public Service in Canada. Edited by J. GEORGE HODGINS, Esq., LL.D. 8vo., pp. 614. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $3.

This book is one of the most important contributions ever made to the religious and political history of Upper Canada. To write the life of Dr. Ryerson is largely to write that history. No man in Canada ever fought such brave battles for civil and religious liberty as did he; and no man ever played a more prominent part in securing for us the rights and privileges which we now enjoy. No such noble character—both as Christian and patriot — has yet blessed with his life and labours this land.

This volume is a worthy memorial of this noble life. In great part it is an autobiography. Dr. Ryerson has taken us into his confidence, and, as a man with his intimate friends, has told the story of his life. He has told it very simply, with an honest frankness, with a rare humility. It was our fortune to examine with much care the whole series of his diaries, kept during half a century. The very first we opened described his coming to the town of York sixty years ago, and expressed his sense of inability to preach to such an intellectual people as the York Methodists of that day. This was the key to the character of the man. No one of his great abilities, we think, ever had so humble an opinion of himself.

What the reader will prize most of all in this volume is the glimpse we get into the heart of the writer,—the revelation of his filial piety, his firm friendships, his lowliness of spirit before God. Some of these glimpses are quite *naive* and touching. The story of his conversion and early religious life are of exceeding interest. "I thenceforth," he says, "had new views, new feelings, new joys, and new strength. I truly delighted in the law of the Lord, and

> 'Jesus, all the day long, was my joy and my song.'"

He thenceforth became a diligent student—toiling, he says, from dawn of day till near eleven at night, so that he had "not even a moment to play the flute." At the same time, he "generally closed the labours of the day by writing a short essay on some religious subject." He had many providential escapes from imminent danger, which are recorded with devout gratitude to God. When appointed a missionary among the Indians at the Credit, he says:—"I became head carpenter, head farmer, as well as Missionary among these interesting people, during the first year of their civilized life. In one of their bark-covered and brush-enclosed wigwams, I ate and slept for some weeks; my bed consisting of a plank, a mat, and a blanket, and a blanket also for my covering; yet I was never more comfortable and happy:—God, the Lord, was the strength of my heart. Maintaining my dignity as a minister, I showed the Indians that I could work and live as they worked and lived."

"On my arrival at the Mission," writes his brother William, describing a visit to the Credit, "I found Egerton about half a mile from the village, stripped to the shirt and pantaloons, clearing land with between twelve and twenty of the little Indian boys, who were all engaged in chopping and picking up the brush."

The following episode of deep interest is mentioned:—"*June 7th*, 1826.—The first quarterly conference

ever held amongst Indians in British America was held to-day. Their hearts seemed fired at the thought of carrying the news of salvation to their benighted brethren. At their own suggestion $12 was soon taken up to help pay expenses."

And so the story goes on describing his work among the Indians, his ministry among the whites, his initiation into controversial writings, his active part in Conference work, his frequent visits as a delegate to the English and American Conferences, and later his educational tours in Europe and educational work in Canada. It was a full and overflowing life. The words of the Scripture were fulfilled, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." His early industry was a preparation for his after life. No Canadian ever had the *entree* to such good society, in the best sense of the phrase, both in England and on the Continent. No chapters are more interesting than those recording his notes of travel in the classic lands of Europe; his interviews with some of their leading statesmen, scholars, and divines. One chapter gives in detail the story which we have heard from his own lips, of his interview with Pope Pius IX., in which the Canadian Methodist preacher took precedence of titled dignitaries of high rank in the Church of Rome.

Dr. Hodgins' task was one of great delicacy and difficulty. There were serious gaps in the continuity of the narrative, and these he had to fill up from the copious material, including many hundreds of letters and memoranda, in his possession. He has accomplished his work with great ability and success. No man living could have done it so well. An intimate friendship of forty years, and close official relationship of nearly as long, specially qualified him for the task.

Mechanically, the book is worthy of the subject. It is very closely printed, and contains more matter than many books of much larger size. A handsome steel engraving presents the noble head of Dr. Ryerson in his prime. A *fac simile* of his bold, vigorous writing is given; and numerous other engravings—several of them full-page size,—illustrate the scenes of his life and labours.

Studies in Church History — The Rise of the Temporal Power— Benefit of Clergy — Excommunication — The Early Church and Slavery. By HENRY C. LEA. 8vo., pp. 603. Philadelphia: Henry C. Lea's Sons & Co. Toronto: Methodist Publishing House.

Mr. Lea, by his previous volumes on Superstition and Force, and on Sacerdotal Celibacy, has proved himself an accomplished scholar in ecclesiastical topics. The present volume is one of the amplest and ablest discussions of the important subjects which it treats, that we know. It gives evidence of such a perfect familiarity with the copious patristic, scholastic, and ecclesiastical literature of primitive and mediæval times, as we judge few men living possess.

The learned author first traces with historical accuracy the gradual assumption of power by the Church, under the Byzantine Emperors and Carlovingian Kings, till it culminates in the papal omnipotence of the middle ages.

The extraordinary immunity from civil law claimed by the Church, under the privilege known as Benefit of Clergy, is then fully discussed, with much curious learning, and the successful efforts by which it was obtained, described. This strange assumption was only abolished in England during the present century; and, till comparatively recent times, sentence of capital punishment was pronounced "without benefit of clergy."

The greater part of the book—nearly three hundred closely printed pages—is devoted to the history of the doctrine and practice of excommunication. The dark dogma, that any human power had authority to cut off any human soul from the Sacraments of the Church on earth, and from eternal life hereafter, has been, through the ages, an engine of tre-

mendous and cruel force; and, to the terror of millions, has been ruthlessly employed. What was at first a measure of simple discipline, gradually increased in severity, till a human priest, assuming the functions of a divine law-giver and judge, laid whole kingdoms under interdict, punishing the innocent with the guilty, depriving the dead of Christian burial, the living of Christian baptism and Christian marriage, and shutting the gates of mercy on mankind.

Some of the forms of anathema given in this book are of fearful impiety—cursing in the name of God and of all the holy angels the victims of priestly hate in every member of their bodies—in every act of their lives—in the hour of death and in the day of judgment. We may make little of these things now amid the light of the nineteenth century, but amid the darkness of the ninth they were an appalling terror, "when," says our author, "amid the gorgeous and impressive ceremonial of worship, the bishop, surrounded by twelve priests bearing flaming candles, solemnly recited the awful words which consigned the evil-doer and all his generation to eternal torment with such fearful amplitude and reduplication of malediction, and, as the sentence of perdition came to its climax, the attending priests simultaneously cast their candles to the ground and trod them out, as a symbol of the quenching of the human soul in the eternal night of hell."

The subject has also its ludicrous and comical side, as illustrated in the excommunication of insects and noxious vermin, and even of fields and vineyards, which was often followed, it was averred, by the utter destruction of the objects of the anathema. But we do not see that this is any more absurd than the practice of blessing the asses and horses of Rome, which still takes place on the festival of St. Anthony.

Mr. Lea gives, in the last place, an admirable essay on the Early Church and Slavery, and traces the beneficent influence of Christianity in mitigating the evils of this system. For the more adequate notice of this masterly volume, which we heartily commend to all students of ecclesiastical history, we regret that we have not, at present, time or space.

The Missionary Problem. By JAS. CROIL. Montreal. Pp. 224. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $1.

More and more the missionary problem is being recognized as the great religious question of the day. This book is a contribution to its solution. It contains a history of Protestant missions in some of the principal fields of missionary enterprise, together with a historical and statistical account of the rise and progress of missionary societies in the nineteenth century. The author first states the problem:—1,000,000,000 heathen, 278,000,000 Roman Catholics, and only 115,000,000 Protestants. He shows the marvellous success of mission work, by the example of an increase in members of sixty-four per cent. in three years in foreign missions, against an increase of eight per cent. in the home work. He then sketches the triumphs of missions in India, Africa, Madagascar, China, Japan, the South Seas, Sandwich Islands, and Turkey. A sketch of the missionary societies follows. The chapter on Ways and Means is one of great practical value. The average annual missionary donation of Christendom is fifty cents per member,—in the Continental Churches it is only from two to six cents per member. It is, humanly speaking, simply a question of men and money. The largest income of all the missionary societies has never reached $10,000,000. The drink bill alone of Great Britain and America is $1,500,000,000 per annum—a hundred and fifty times as much! There is money enough and to spare. Now, as for men, in Great Britain and the United States there are 114,000 ministers preaching to 70,000,000 Christians, and only 2,293 preaching to 1,000,000,000 heathen! Yet, during ten years the conversions from heathenism have been thirty times more numerous, in proportion to missionaries employed, than in the home Churches. We echo the prayer

of this book, that, instead of denominational strife and rivalry, it might be felt and seen that the chief end of the Christian Church is *the world's evangelization.*

Clarke's Commentary. A new edition, condensed and supplemented from the best modern authorities. By DANIEL CURRY, LL.D. Volume I., THE GOSPELS AND ACTS. Large 8vo., pp. 541. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Methodist Book Rooms: Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price $3.

It is a striking testimony to the value of this old Arminian Commentary, that, fifty years after its last revision by the author, it was still in demand far more than any other of the older Commentaries. In order to retain all the excellences of the author's final revision, and at the same time to bring it fully abreast of the Biblical criticism of the present day, the Methodist Book Concern at New York has undertaken this new and revised edition of the whole work, under the editorial supervision of Dr. Daniel Curry—than whom it would be difficult to name a more competent or judicious editor. Dr. Curry brings to his aid the best critical authorities — Alford, Geikie, Godet, Lange, Lechler, Meyer, Olshausen, Schaff, Stier, Tholuck, Van Oosterzee, Whedon, and others of the foremost scholars of the day. Space has been found for this important supplementary matter by abbreviating the copious prefaces to the various books, and by condensing the notes—often somewhat diffuse. By this condensation, we think, they gain much in force and lose nothing in value. The pith and point of the original are preserved, and its practical piety and frequent quaintnesses of expression. The typography is admirable. The text is given in unbroken paragraphs, and cited clauses in the notes in full faced black letter. The Hebrew text has the vowel points—a great improvement on the former edition; and the Greek text follows Westcott and Hort's accentuation. The additions are in brackets, with the name of the author cited—except the editor's. This veteran Commentary, which has instructed two generations of Bible students, now goes forth on a new and widened career of usefulness—a critical apparatus that no preacher, and few teachers, can afford to be without.

Extempore Speech: How to acquire and practice it. By the REV. WILLIAM PETTENGER, Instructor in the National School of Elocution and Oratory. Pp. 275. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

There is an increased tendency in the modern pulpit — even in the Methodist pulpit — to reading, instead of preaching, sermons. We think this is a great mistake. A great element of power is thus relinquished. Shackles are thus assumed, which greatly fetter free thought and free expression. We believe that it will be a sad day for Methodism when the free and fervid extempore preaching, by which its greatest triumphs have been won, shall pass away. No gain in beauty and elegance of diction in the written essay can compensate for the loss of that magnetic spell which results from living thoughts leaping from heart and brain, flashing in the eye, and quivering on the lip. An extempore speech does not mean unpremeditated, unstudied, speech; but rather is the result of the deepest study, the intensest thought. The man should become so full of his subject, that, like the "burden" of the ancient prophets, it cannot be repressed, but leaps forth in a clear, strong, fervent tide from his heart. How to acquire and practice this noblest gift of sacred oratory is the scope of the book under review. It is plain, practical, sensible. It recognizes the difficulties, and suggests methods of overcoming them. All cannot reach the eminence of Gladstone, Spurgeon, or Beecher, in this noble art; but by adopting their method, almost any one can attain a forceful and effective style of speech —joyous and healthful to one's self, and pleasing to one's hearers,—which is unattainable in any other way.

Guides and Guards in Character Building. By C. H. PAYNE, D.D., LL.D., President of Ohio Wesleyan University. Pp. 360. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, $1.50.

Those who have had the pleasure of hearing President Payne's admirable lectures in Canada, will be glad to have this volume from his pen. It is marked by the same vigour of thought, the same grace of expression, the same loftiness of purpose, which characterized his spoken utterances. These discourses have a unity of subject that is rare in a continued series. They all illustrate the great theme of character building. Among the types chosen to illustrate this theme are Joseph, the incorruptible young man; Moses, the uncrowned king; David, from the sheepfold to the throne; Absalom, the fast young man; Solomon, the brilliant failure; Daniel, the uncompromising young man; Lot, the self-seeker; Ruth, the true-hearted; and other instructive types, as John, Thomas, Cornelius, Timothy, and Paul. The lessons of these lives are clearly delineated and strongly enforced. We commend the book especially to the study of young men.

Francis Metherall and his Work in Prince Edward Island. By JOHN HARRIS. Bible Christian Book Room, London and Toronto.

This little book is an important contribution to the history of Methodism in Prince Edward Island. Francis Metherall was a venerable figure in that history. Born in 1791, his life extended through nearly a century, when, in 1875, he fell asleep, aged eighty-four years, fifty-three of which he spent in the ministry. His life-story takes us back to the heroic days of Methodism in the old land. Walking thirty miles a day, sleeping beside a haystack, mobbed and maltreated, arrested and haled before the magistrate for preaching, he yet boldly kept on his way. Coming to Prince Edward Island over fifty years ago, he did brave pioneer work for Methodism, and endured hardness as a good soldier of the cross. The story is marvellously interesting, and we have asked an able writer to prepare a fuller account of it for this Magazine.

The Alhambra, A Series of Tales and Sketches of the Moors and Spaniards. By WASHINGTON IRVING. Pp. 301. New York: John B. Alden.

This is a dainty little gilt-edged and gold-embossed volume, worthy of its golden contents. Irving never wrote anything more charming and graceful than his Tales of the Alhambra. He took up his abode for many months in this grandest mediæval fortress-palace in Europe. He became saturated with its romance, and explored at once its ruins and its legendary history, and has embodied the memories of the Moorish palace, with their blended pathos and splendour and tragedy, in one of the most charming "little classics" of the language. It is a fine study of that exotic civilization which flourished at Seville, at Cordova, at Granada,—but whose richest flower was the Alhambra—when the rest of Europe was sunk in barbarism.

Handbook of Medical Electricity. By A. M. ROSEBRUGH, M.D., Toronto.

Dr. Rosebrugh has given much study to the subject of electrical science, and has perfected some important practical inventions for its application. One of these is the remarkable discovery, perfected by himself and Mr. Black, of Hamilton, whereby telegraphic and telephonic messages can be sent at the same time over the same wire, and that for long distances. In the above-named handbook is described an improved medical battery, of which he is the inventor. Numerous affections in which it may be successfully applied are indicated. A hundred years ago, John Wesley highly commended the medical application of electricity. We believe that we are only on the threshold of its practical use.

The Best Reading. Hints on the Selection of Books; on the Formation of Libraries, Public and Private; on Courses of Reading, etc., with a Classified Bibliography for easy reference. By FREDERIC BEECHER PERKINS. Fourth ed. pp. 343. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price $1.75.

The same. Second series. 1876–1882. Pp. 119.

These books will be of great value, indeed, we judge, will be almost indispensable, to the book buyer and student. They are a classified Bibliography, giving a list of about 15,000 of the best books in every department of literature—except technical books, and a few special classes. The size and price are also given, and a partial classification of merit. In fiction, for instance, authors are marked *a*, *b*, and *c*, and their books are further marked *, and **, the latter being the cream of their writing. Under the head of Fine Arts we have ten pages of books, besides numerous cross references in biography, etc. On the word Bible there are three pages of books, and on England four pages. As a guide for students to books on the subjects they may be studying, we do not know anything to compare with these volumes. There are also appended selected lists in French, German, Spanish, and Italian literature; suggestions for courses of reading; hints on book clubs, etc.

Marianella. By B. PEREZ GALDOS. From the Spanish by CLARA BELL. New York: William S. Gottsberger. Toronto: Willing & Williamson. Price $1.

Mr. Gottsberger has added to his library of foreign classics this touching Spanish idyl. It gives a vivid sketch of Iberian life; of the fidelity and devotion of a humble peasant girl to a blind companion; and of the tragic heartbreak following his restoration to sight, and involuntary recoil from the homely aspect of his peasant friend. The deep passion and pathos of the Spanish peasant heart are finely portrayed.

Soul-Winning—Four Lectures delivered under the auspices of the Theological Union of Victoria University. By the Rev. H. F. BLAND. pp. 132. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price 30 cents.

We wish that every young minister of the Methodist Church of Canada would procure and read this book. It contains more useful suggestions on pastoral life and duty than any work of its size that we know. Mr. Bland has given us the results of the ripe experience of an eminently successful ministerial life. The chapters on Preaching, and on Pastoral Visitation, especially the thoughts on the care for the children of the Church, cannot fail to benefit every careful reader. The book abounds in interesting personal reminiscences of great preachers, and in copious illustrations of much force and beauty. For one thing we were not prepared from our previous acquaintance with the lecturer. We did not suspect him of possessing the fund of humour which gleams and sparkles in these pages. We congratulate the Theological Union on the high excellence of this volume, and hope that under its auspices we may be favoured with others of similar merit.

Count Agenor de Gasparin. By THOMAS BOREL. Translated from the French by Gen. D. D. Howard. Pp. 123. New York: Geo. P. Putnam's Sons. Price $1.

It is seldom that in one household are combined such moral elevation, and such literary as well as social eminence, as co-existed in the Count and Countess de Gasparin. Great as a statesmen, as an author, as a patriot soldier, as a Christian, the study of the life of Agenor de Gasparin is full of instruction and inspiration. So impressed have we been with the importance of the lessons of the admirable life-study, that we shall place it in competent hands for the preparation of a paper for this Magazine.

Hugh Montgomery: or, the Experiences of an Irish Minister and Temperance Reformer. Pp. 416. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $1.50.

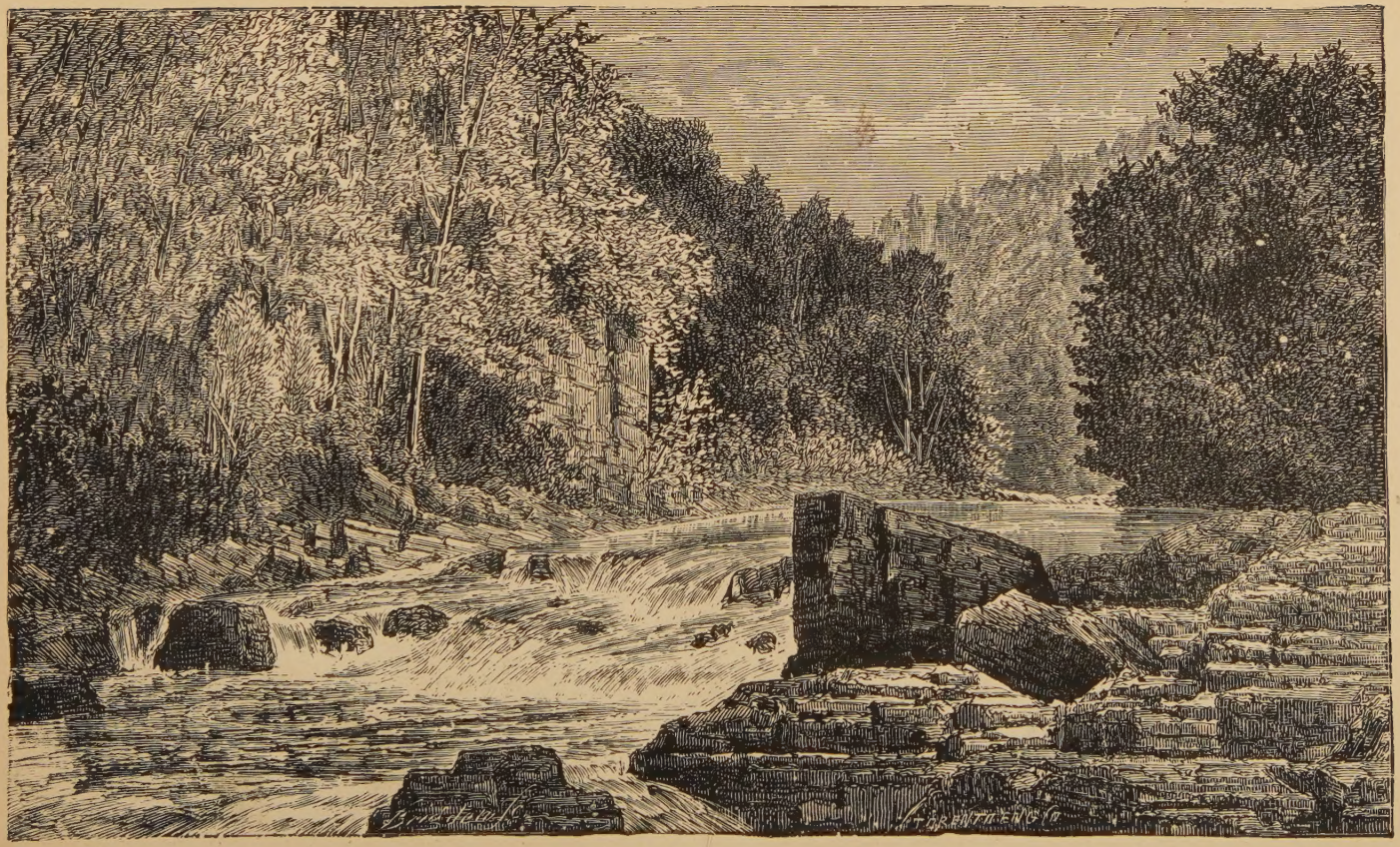
The subject of this book was well worth sketching. Immigrating in early life to Canada, he was converted under the preaching of the Rev. Thomas Derrick, of our own Church. He entered one of the New England Conferences, and became a very successful preacher and temperance reformer. Of strong character, firm will, and dauntless daring, he bearded the drink demon in his den, procuring in two years two hundred arrests and proscutions for violations of the license law, and ninety per cent. of those were convicted. His life was often threatened, and again and again he was fired at; but no perils pervented him from waging unceasing war against the greatest evil of the age. The book abounds in striking incidents and racy anecdotes illustrating his remarkable career.

The Secret of Success; or, How to get on in the World: with some Remarks on True and False Success, and the art of making the best Use of Life. By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS. Crown 8vo., pp. 383. New York: Geo. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. $1.75.

The author of this book is a veteran *litterateur*, and he here gives us the result of his life-long observation and reflection on the elements of success. It is emphatically a book for young men. The author discourses wisely, and with copious anecdotal illustration, on such themes as Time and its Uses; Aims in Life; The Three P's — Punctuality, Prudence, and Perseverance; Business Habits; The Race and the Athlete; Self-Help, Reasonable Service, and True Success. The author appeals to the highest motives, and sees in the approval of God and welfare of our fellow men the noblest guerdon of success. Sir George Mackenzie, he states, was of opinion that irreligious men could never make good statesmen, "for none are such, save those who, from a principle of conviction (say rather a religious sense of duty), manage public affairs to the advantage of those who employ them." "I fancy," continues our author, "the rule may be universally applied; and that men, indifferent to religious considerations, cannot make good artists, good poets, good members of society." We would like to place this book in the hands of every man setting out in life.

Sir John Franklin. By A. H. BEESLEY, M.A. New Plutarch Series. Pp. 238. New York: George P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $1.

The story of Sir John Franklin possesses special interest to Canadian readers. Many of his laurels were won in exploring what is now our North-West Territory—the great Northern lakes and the Saskatchewan and Copper mine rivers. His first Arctic journey was one of the most eventful ever recorded. Of twenty-four men with him, ten died, and the survivors underwent unspeakable hardships. But the chief interest attaches to that last expedition from which he never returned. In the effort to discover his fate over $3,000,000 were expended and forty different expeditions were made. The unwearying devotion of Lady Franklin to this object has embalmed for ever her memory as the modern Penelope who waited long and faithful proved, when all else had abandoned hope. The author of this book tells the heroic tale with graphic pen. Three maps enable us to follow every step of the thrilling story.



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